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The Outlook

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Can an Aviator Be a Good Soldier?

COLONEL (formerly General) WILLIAM MITCHELL has taken advantage of the accident to the Shenandoah to focus public attention upon his ideas if not upon himself. He has made charges which can scarcely be overlooked. He evidently is seeking a court martial and its accompanying publicity. He is doubtless a skillful pilot and knows a great deal about aviation. For what he has to teach the public and the Government about the one subject on which he has knowledge both the public and the Government ought doubtless to be grateful. He gives, however, not the slightest evidence of knowing even the rudiments of military organization and strategy, he shows little acquaintance with what constitutes good taste, and he seems blandly to ignore the simple and necessary requirements of discipline. Can an aviator be a good soldier?

Up Goes Coal

THE one notable event in the first week of the anthracite strike was an ominous rise in the retail price not at all in consonance with the operators' assurance that the stock on hand was very large. If the consumer is paying, as reported by the press, from twenty-five to fifty cents advance in New York City in hot weather, what may not November show? Any disturbance in the coal situation is sure to incite the less responsible of the independent wholesalers to raise prices locally. Ellis Searles, editor of the "United Mine Workers' Journal," stigmatized the advance prices as "rank, ruthless profiteering." John L. Lewis agreed, and again denied the operators' assertion that increase in wages must mean increase in price, asserting that some of the increase should come from excessive profits, wasteful production, and freight rates. As to the miners' refusal to arbitrate wages, Mr. Lewis counter-challenged the operators to offer to submit profits to arbitration.

It is evident, in view of what happened in the winter of 1922–3, that State authorities should already be planning district supervision of hard-coal distribution and of controlling the securing of supplies for hospitals, schools, and the poor who have no coal-bins or winter supply laid in during the hot weather. An early organization of detailed supervision is certainly desirable.

The subtleties of the industry are coal-black to most people, and the important facts need to have partisan arguments screened out of them. Let a little more light into the mines and the trade, gentlemen diplomats and expert figurers of both parties, if you do not want to see your snug semi-monopoly lose its hold in favor of other heat-making methods.

Paul Pry and the Tax List

"I THINK this tax publicity is an outrage. Nobody's private affairs are safe any more. By the way, did you see what What's His Name paid this year? I'll bet he slipped one over on the Government."

That is the general character of the comment one hears upon the second publication of income-tax figures—a publication which by no stretch of the imagination could be considered as anything but a public detriment. Officials of the Treasury Department deny that the publicity of the tax returns aids them in any way in the prosecution or detection of delinquent taxpayers.

Congress, if it repeals the provision permitting such publicity, will act wisely and in accordance with the best judgment of the Nation. The surest way to make government and law unpopular is to permit it to be both ineffective and annoying.

Mr. Hughes Makes a Point

AT the opening of the forty-ninth meeting of the American Bar Association, in Detroit, Charles Evans Hughes had something to say concerning personal liberty, some modern misconceptions concerning it, the real dangers that threaten it, and its entire dependence on law and order. His statement was brief and to the point. It deserves quotation.

Liberty and law are a combination, he said, "which our political alchemists seem to find increasing difficulty in successfully achieving.

"Liberty to-day has such broad scope that it taxes the acumen of the ablest statesmen to provide laws which even measurably assure it. It is no longer the simple matter of doing what one pleases in the wide open spaces, for there are no such spaces, and the danger from other libertines more than offsets the delight of uncontrolled freedom.

"Liberty should ever be found in the purpose to secure the freedom of the individual—an ordered freedom, but still freedom—subject only to such restraints as a sound and tolerant judgment determines to be essential to the mutuality of liberty."

Here is a good deal in a nutshell. Too few of us realize that there is such a thing as "mutuality of liberty." The far too common idea is that liberty signifies a general free-for-all, and that, in consequence, laws are disagreeable and even hampering impediments to an enjoyment of real personal liberty.

Mr. Hughes does well to point out for all who read that liberty is a mutual affair, depending entirely on our co-operation with one another, and that, after all, law and order are but the rules of the game, so to speak. "Liberty," declares Mr. Hughes, "is ordered freedom."

Which is Lamb and Which Wolf in the Riff?

THE Riff war sprang into activity as Marshal Pétain assumed full charge of the French forces at the beginning of this month. There have been advances of large bodies of French troops, covered by artillery barrages and attacks from the air. Such modern military tactics cannot be withstood by the tribesmen, who content themselves with raids and dashes at weak points. The coast-line is gradually being occupied and fortified by the French, and it is evidently hoped that before the heavy rains come Abd-el-Krim's forces will be isolated from outside supplies and ammunition and will have to choose between dispersion or a heavy attack of a nature they cannot meet. Guerrilla

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warfare is annoying, but it cannot cope in the long run with the steady encircling movements of heavily armed troops.

Meanwhile a paper has been circulated in France purporting to be a remonstrance from Abd-el-Krim, denying that he has been the aggressor or that there has been Soviet instigation or foreign aid. "The Koran and Bolshevism cannot travel together," he says. According to his views, France has invaded the Riff with the purpose of annexing it to the French zone in Morocco and Marshal Lyautey has "despised the rights of a little nation and forced it to fight for independence." But the history of the Riffs' attacks on Spain and the harrying of stations over the French line does not accord with the plea of lamblike love of peace.

China and the Powers

A STEP forward has now been taken toward an understanding between China and the Powers which in July completed the ratification of the treaty negotiated at the Washington Conference three years ago. It was announced from Washington that the Governments have notified Peking of their purpose to name commissioners for a conference, to meet soon, to take up the vital and difficult question of the extra-territorial privileges long exercised by some of the Powers in China. As a conference on the Chinese tariff, customs, and other financial points had already been arranged for October 26 in Peking, the time and place will probably be coincident.

In one way the question is a simple one. If only China can convince the Powers of her ability as a nation to protect the persons and rights of non-Chinese in China, to see that justice is done between natives and foreigners, to make her cities free from rioting mobs, then, and only then, can she insist that she ought to be intrusted with full powers to govern locally as well as nationally, and in criminal as well as in civil disputes. But can she so convince the Powers? China points to Turkey, and asks why Turkey should be freed from foreign courts and China not. One reply might be that Turkey through Kemal and his army and party had established national unity such as China has not, and that it was with great reluctance and because of conflicting foreign policies that the concession was made.

Against such assurance at the present time stand not merely the recent disturbances but the more important fact that there is no visible central government strong enough to prevent civil wars or enforce local security. Two articles in The Outlook's issue for August 12 show the difficulty of foreign understanding of Chinese traditions and conceptions of authority and government.

The benefit to be expected from the proposed conference is that it will bring the Western nations and the vast uncoordinated group of governments we call China into close understanding and respect for one another's rights and into a fair-minded effort to establish mutual trust and mutual concession.

A Family Affair

CANADA has concluded a trade agreement with the British West Indies and other British colonial possessions in Central and South America, and is at present negotiating a similar agreement with Australia.

By the terms of the compact just concluded, tropical fruits, bananas, cocoa, sugar, and other products of the various respective colonies may enter the Dominion of Canada either free of duty or at a greatly reduced tariff.

The West Indies and the other colonies make reciprocal tariff reductions with respect to various natural products, such as butter, cheese, lard, apples, potatoes, meats, confectionery, cement, lumber, boots and shoes, flour, and cordage.

Hitherto the United States has acted as middleman between Canada and the West Indies and other British colonies in Central and South America because, for one reason, of the lack of steamship lines between their respective ports. The colonies, too, have all been consumers of large quantities of American goods. The agreement, however, besides the lowering of duties, aims an added blow at United States control of this trade through the provision for the creation of steamship services subsidized, if necessary, by the interested governments.

Where tariff reductions are not considered sufficient to offset the advantage accruing to the United States through its established transportation lines discriminatory duties will be imposed. Thus, while bananas are admitted free into Canada from the various signatory colonies, a duty of 50 cents per stem will be levied by Canada on bananas from an other source.

Another provision designed to confir intercolonial commerce to British char nels is the condition that these preferer tial duties shall apply only to goods cor veyed direct from one colonial port t the other without transshipment.

This move on the part of these Britisl American colonies is in line with a cor certed effort at present being mad throughout the British Empire to er courage inter-Empire trade. So far th unwillingness of the British voter t place a customs tax on food and natura products entering Great Britain has ir terfered with the dream of those wh would like to see the British Empire self-sufficient trade unit with free trad or reciprocal tariffs between the differer Empire members and high discriminator duties against the products of all othe countries.

Mr. Baldwin and many members of hi following hold strongly to this view; bu the Government is pledged to make n sweeping change in the fiscal policy c the country. So long as Mr. Winsto Churchill remains Chancellor of the Ex chequer there is little likelihood of an such move; nevertheless Mr. Baldwi may yet find himself forced to meet th issue in order to retain for Great Britai that share of the colonies' trade whic she has enjoyed in the past.

This is a matter of considerable impor tance to American exporters. Trade i said to follow the flag, but not always The United States is better situated i many respects than Great Britain to se cure the trade, not only of the British American colonies, but the Australasia as well. The failure of Canada to accep the reciprocity offer made during th Taft Administration should not deter thi Government from considering the possi bility of similar overtures in the future The Canada-West Indies agreemen probably reflects less the existence o fraternal feeling than the necessity fo seeking new markets to replace thos closed by existing tariff regulations in th United States.

The Golf Champion Repeats

ROBERT TYRE JONES, JR., of Atlanta Georgia, won his second amateu golf championship at the Oakmon Country Club just the other day, suc ceeding himself, and in so doing defeated his club mate and pupil, the twenty-

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Both observe and answer

(Coriolanus, Act II, Scene 3)

Winsor McCay in the New York Herald Tribune

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It does look like it

From W. E. Shafer, New York City, N. Y.

Ireland in the Columbus Dispatch

YOU'VE GOT TO EXPECT EVEN A GOOD BOAT TO LEAK A LITTLE
GENERAL ANDREWS PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT DIRECTOR
THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET OF
U.S.A.
COAST PATROL

The new pump goes into action

From M. D. Sayre, Columbus, Ohio

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

"STR-R-RIKE!"
SAY! I'M BEING BEATEN BAD ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU CALLING STRIKES ON ME!
ANTHRACITE MINERS
COAL
OIL & GAS TEAM
THE HOME HEATING QUESTION

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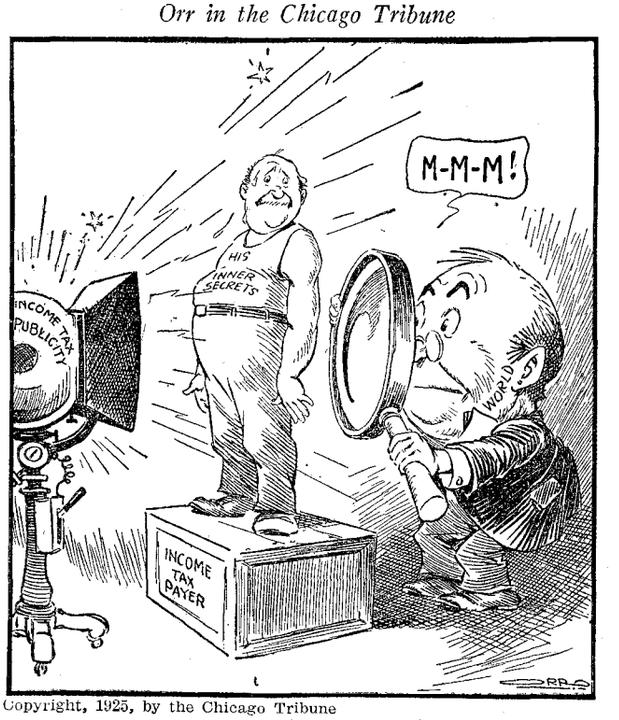
Helping the opposition

From Otis B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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Under the X-ray again

From Ginga Slater, Chicago, Ill.

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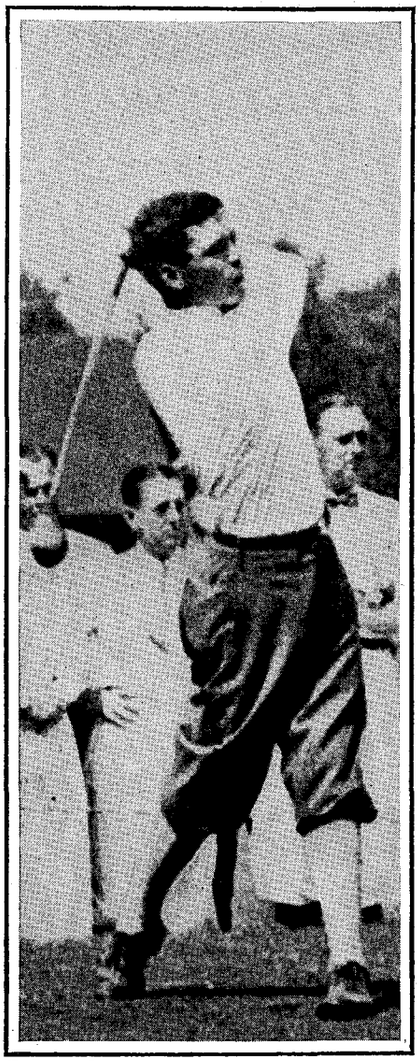


Underwood

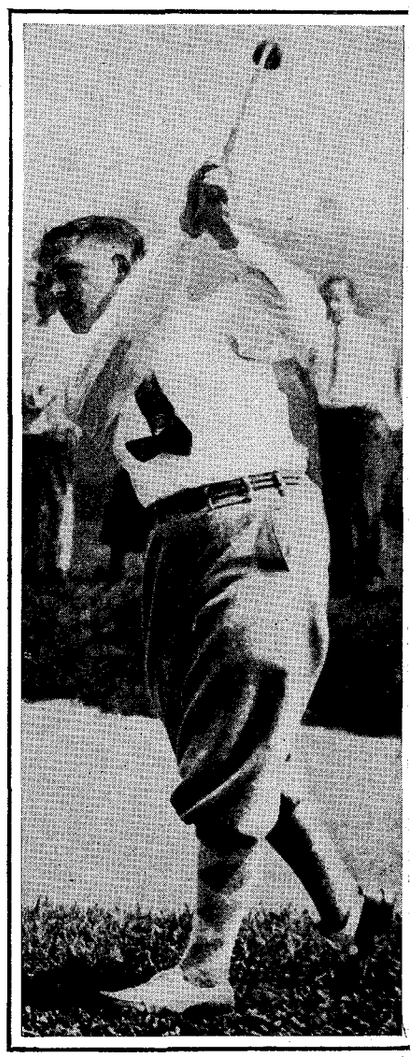
Watts Gunn, pupil of Robert Jones and runner-up for the championship

year-old Watts Gunn, after a close morning round and a runaway afternoon clash. Proud as Atlanta must be of the two young men who have made golfing history in its behalf, it should be prouder of the fact that in the field of sports both Jones and Gunn are bigger than any one city or any one State. Atlanta and Georgia will have to share their idols with the Nation, for both these stars are National figures. That, of course, had been the case with Jones, the title-holder, even before this tournament. It was all but a foregone conclusion that he would repeat, and repeat impressively, this season, and the particularly rigorous inland course of Oakmont, near Pittsburgh, gave him an opportunity to show that he knew golf as no other man outside the professional ranks knows it—and few men therein. He has done what has been accomplished only a few times in the history of American amateur golf. He has been the first to repeat his triumph in successive years since the days of another true champion, Jerome Travers, away back in 1912 and 1913.

But Jones has done considerably more than this. He has taken up and tutored and prepared for competition, in the trying spotlight of sports, another youngster, a student still in college. He has taught him practically all of his own perfect golf, and, better still, has seen to it that he has developed at the age of twenty the right golfing temperament—the pleasant imperturbability and sportsmanship of a real amateur champion, which, undoubtedly he will be some day.

Watts Gunn was unmistakably the sensation of a tournament not particularly vivid in sensations, inasmuch as the champion was known to stand in a class practically by himself. Prior to his advent at Oakmont there was difficulty in convincing the committee that young Gunn was of sufficiently high caliber to compete at all, and there was also the difficulty in convincing his father that the youngster ought to step out into the garish sunshine of publicity that beats upon a national championship. But Bobby Jones vouched for him, and it is another tribute to the champion that that was enough for the tournament committee and for Watts Gunn's father. Gunn, the youngster, had never played a real championship course in his life. He took a practice trial at the course, and was downcast. He did not even expect to qualify. His chaperon, Bobby, seemed to feel that the tournament experience would do him good, and that was all there was to it. The result was that Gunn stepped out and established a world's record as the first man to win a championship match (against Jess Sweetser) by taking fifteen holes in succession. He was a terror to all the stars up to the time when he faced his own kindly instructor. Bobby wore him down as remorselessly as he had worn all the others down. There was no "petting along" of his pupil. Asked about it before the match, the champion said: "I'm going to win every hole on the course from him if I can." He couldn't do that, but he beat him decisively.

Gunn's golf, after the morning's blazing round in the final, fell off notably, but hardly more than had been the case with others who faced the champion, even the formidable George Von Elm, from the Pacific coast. So Jones, one of the best of our amateur champions in any sport in all time, has introduced us



Underwood

Robert Tyre Jones, who again won the amateur golf championship

to another coming champion of his ow modest, persistent, steady, generous typ a good loser and a good winner. Fu ther than that, Jones and Gunn hav introduced into golf another elemen that of taking a championship seriousl and quietly. Jones and Gunn went int training as strict as that of any footba star. They never talked golf after th day's rounds over the course. The conducted their own little training *tabl à deux,* whereat golf talk was tabo Their day's play they considered as a obligation to the golfers of the Natio to do their best. These two, in cor sequence, never will be found aroun the famous "crying bucket" after an match.

Old as it is, and supported on and o the links by the finest men in the coun try, the institution of golf gained im measurably this year in prestige by th manner of the repeating champion an the manner of the runner-up on and o the course, as it did from their technica

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ıibition of how the game should be yed.

viani

When René Viviani was called to the helm of the French Governnt in June, 1914, he was regarded as captain of a new France. His ength as a commander was due to the ›port he had from the French work-people. When yet a young man, he ained distinction in the Socialist Party l was counted among the followers of internationalist and pacifist Jean ıurès. Yet he was not a mere academic cialist, but rather, like many another enchman who wears the Socialist la-, a liberal with political views based economic ideas and on understanding the social needs created by modern lustry. It was Clemenceau who made viani the first Minister of Labor. ıen, therefore, this native of Algeria, rsican by descent, came to the Preership, he seemed destined to lead ance through a new stage of economic ›gress. And then the war burst upon n and his Government.

So it happened that the man who emed peculiarly fitted for the direction a nation at peace was required to ect that nation when it was called on to take the first shock of the attack the greatest war machine in history. him belongs the responsibility, and th it the credit, for holding the French ›ops well behind the frontier to await enemy's attack as a proof that the r which France was called upon to ge was defensive.

Compared with what he did in those v months at the outbreak of the war, other services to France seem at this ne minor, and yet some of them no ıer one of his fellow-countrymen could ve rendered so well.

When oratory was called for, there ıs no one who could employ it with his ill and charm. To hear Viviani make speech was to enjoy a work of art. It ıs possible to get a thrill from an adess by Viviani without understanding ench, as many Americans who heard m when he was here in 1917 and again 1921 can testify.

His death last week in his sixty-second ar was not the real end of his career, r that had come virtually two years or ago with the onset of his final illness. that career it is possible that no one ed will equal in significance the fact

(C) Underwood

René Viviani

that such a man as he led France into war. To the charge that France was imperialistic a forceful answer in 1914 was and still is the one word, "Viviani."

The Price of Progress

Martyrs to progress in the conquest of the air, the men who lost their lives in the wreck of the Shenandoah and the swamping of the seaplane PN-9 No. 1 deserve of their country a lasting memorial. Their fellow-Americans can and should give them what they themselves would most desire. That would not be a monument of brass or stone, though such a memorial would be fitting, but the assurance that the work they began will be finished.

So accustomed have we become in these days to the airplane and the dirigible that it is hard for us to realize what we know—that the art of human flight is still just at its beginning. For an unknown number of thousands of years men have been engaged in the task of subduing the earth. They have learned to harness its forces, to bring out treasures from its storehouse of matter and energy, and to move about the surface of the planet with agility and speed; but it is only within a comparatively few moments of time that men have learned to soar into the air. The wonder is that in so brief a period men have attained so high a skill in flying as they have and have been so highly rewarded for their daring.

Viewed in perspective, the two accidents which have brought low two of the greatest engines of the air should be not causes of discouragement but spurs to further and wiser enterprise.

It is not for the layman to say what lesson the loss of the Shenandoah should bring to those who are studying to perfect aircraft that are lighter than air. It may be that the limit of size of such aircraft has been surpassed. It may be that insufficient precautions for preventing undue pressure of gas in sudden emergencies have been taken. It may be that not sufficient recognition has been given to the limitations placed upon such airships by weather conditions. Colonel Driggs, in his article written at our request and printed in this issue of The Outlook, gives the opinion of an expert. His presentation of the facts is enough to cast doubt upon the practical value of rigid airships of immense size. It should be remembered that progress comes from learning from failures as well as from successes. There is, however, one lesson which this accident will never teach, because it is a lesson which mankind will refuse to learn—that men must cease to navigate the air with dirigible airships. As long as men are willing to pay for achievement in the mastery of nature with their lives, so long will men experiment with buoyant gases in their effort to ride the air.

Even more certain is it that no such accident as that of the seaplane near Hawaii, that indeed no conceivable series of airplane accidents, will stop or even seriously retard progress in the art of flying. Experience so far indicates far greater promise alike for commerce and for National defense in the airplane than in the inflated airship. With almost negligible exceptions it is the airplane that has contributed to the achievements of the air service throughout the world. According to a report issued a few days ago as the result of a joint survey by the United States Department of Commerce and the American Engineering Council, the mileage covered by the regular commercial air service has amounted up to date to thirty million. In a great variety of weather, by day and by night, over mountains and forests, over water as well as land, men have traversed the air more securely than early navigators were accustomed to plow the seas, indeed at almost negligible risk. The time is at hand, if not already arrived, when man

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will surpass the birds in the air as they surpass the beast on the ground. Nothing can stop his progress in flight.

In particular, America is the land of opportunity in aviation. The director of the field staff of the Joint Committee on Civil Aviation, Professor Joseph W. Roe, whose report of progress was printed in the New York "Sun" a few days ago, says definitely:

> Conditions here are more favorable for commercial aviation than abroad, but it cannot even hope to succeed here without those indirect aids which have been extended to land and water transportation throughout our entire history.
>
> Few realize the extent of such aid, which amounts to about $200,000,000 for the current fiscal year 1925–6, and covers such items as coast and hydrographic surveys, lighthouse service, Weather Bureau, river and harbor improvements, and rural post roads.
>
> The establishment of aids such as airways, beacons, airports, meteorological and radio services is only applying to air transport the policy long followed with the older forms of transportation, and without which they could not operate.
>
> A second phase is air legislation. We have as yet no Federal air laws and no supervision of air transport. Any inexperienced pilot with any second-hand plane, who can induce a passenger to go into the air with him, is free to do so, a condition unthinkable at sea.
>
> There should be a Federal air law placing air transport under such proper Government supervision as will insure safety. It should be general in character and flexible enough to allow adjustment to the changing conditions of a rapidly developing situation.
>
> It should conform as far as possible to the international convention for air navigation, which is the basis of the air laws of all countries. In Canada such a law has been in operation for five years and is giving general satisfaction.

That this is not merely an engineering view, but the view of a practical man of affairs, is made clear from the statement quoted in a special cable despatch to the New York "Times" by C. F. Redden, President of the Aero-Marine Airways Corporation of New Jersey, who believes that America will in the not distant future be making more airplanes than all the rest of the world combined. In Europe at each frontier "passengers encounter a different language, different currency, and frequently over-officious customs officers." In contrast to that he places America, where "we can fly many thousands of miles over a country having one flag, one language, and one currency." He believes that widespread demand for a commercial air line only awaits action by Congress, and that "proper regulation and supervision at the flying bases will make flying as safe as any other means of travel."

To the Army and Navy great credit is due for their contributions to the development of both the dirigible and the airplane. Accidents that happen in the course of naval and military flying are attributable not merely to the ordinary hazards of the air, but also to the risk that naturally inheres in the military and naval service. The fact that men lose their lives in a destroyer or a submarine is not taken as a reason for abandoning or restricting the navigation of the seas. If we are to honor the men who have given their lives, we shall go on with the conquest of the air.

The Movie and the College

A MOTION-PICTURE producer, Mr. Robert T. Kane, has offered to endow a college lectureship with a salary of $5,000 a year, "to raise the tone of the movies." His offer was made to no one university. First come, first served, was the idea; or, as this philanthropist phrases it, "I prefer to leave it to their own alertness to determine who shall take advantage of it." But professorships are not established that way; it sounds a bit too much like the recent adoption-by-advertisement sensation. There was no mad rush, not even a rush of one.

One may question also whether the method would lift the tone of the movies or lower the tone of the colleges. It was proposed to have a series of lectures by leading cameramen, motion-picture writers, art directors, producing directors, and cutting and titling experts.

This might well be entertaining to the students, but really the people who ought to be lectured are just those thus chosen to lecture. They know all about technique and process, but they might learn something if they could be induced to listen to professors of literary and dramatic art. Charlie Chaplin is quoted as saying: "Producers assert that the public wants this, that, or the other—battle, murder, sudden death in evening dress and smoking-jacket. That is the bunk. The public does not know what it want except that it wants an evening's ente tainment. But if you have the neate tailored plot in the world, and have n living characters, you have nothing."

The producers' only test seems to b the cash-box. Some day there will b better movies for better people. Edwi Booth in Shakespeare's plays and th Bowery melodrama drew big houses i New York at the same time, but n the same people.

Meanwhile there are things that th average movie audience stands because can't help it, not because it is wild abou them. One is the spineless way in whic the stories are told; another is the bana expressionless "close-up;" a third is th abuse of the fine old term "comedy" t denote a brainless comic cut-up farce another is the craze for working an effe tive point to death by repetition; anothe is the excess of silly sob stuff and th profound conviction of the movie hu morist that if one custard pie in th face is funny, ten custard pies are te times as funny; still another, which au diences suffer meekly but really hate, i what Bernard Shaw calls "the imperti nent lists of everybody employed in th film from the star actress to the pres agent's office boy." And so on.

Perhaps the benevolent produce might improve his art and raise its ton by offering prizes for lists of things tha movie fans would like to see abolished!

Innocent Germany!

INDICATIONS crop out now an then that Germany hopes to buil up a legend about her peace-lovin nature and her charming innocence o any aggressive attitude before the Grea War, a defense and protestation tha may, she hopes, convince posterity—fo she can hardly be so audacious as t think that our generation has so soon forgotten.

Thus in a book, published in Germany under the at least nominal authorship of the former Crown Prince, France and Russia are roundly charged with fomenting war, the first to win back Alsace-Lorraine, the second with an eye on Constantinople, while the same charge essentially is made in a modified form in these words: "The Governments of Russia and France which bore responsibility during the years immediately preceding

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he war for the foreign policy of their peoples, if they did not intentionally let oose the war in July and August, 1914, lid from far back prepare, hope, and ong for war." And the Crown Prince alls his book "I Seek the Truth"!

Again, in the current discussions about he proposed Security Pact Germany's tatesmen intimate from time to time hat she hopes that her skirts may be leared of guilt. One despatch from Berlin states that "an official communiqué says in effect that Germany nust be absolved of the moral guilt of he war." Another says that in entering he League of Nations "no recognition of war guilt must be demanded of the Reich."

The indictment against Germany was lrawn up at Versailles, and there also he accepted the indictment.

It is not proposed here to argue the lready argued and decided question of Germany's war guilt. But it is apropos f these new protestations of Germany's amblike innocence among a world of wolves to call attention to the clear-eaded view of that issue taken as early s September, 1914, by Walter H. Page, hen our Ambassador in England, and ust made public in the new series of letters by Ambassador Page now appearing n the "World's Work." Particularly pungent is his phrase: "The 'cult of valor'—a sort of religion of military force —captured Prussia, scholars and all." Even more precisely to the point is the positive statement in a letter to President Wilson (September 22, 1914):

> The more fully the whole recent diplomatic story of the war and of the events that preceded it comes out, the clearer it becomes here that the German military party had deliberately planned the practical conquest of the world; that it had won the German people (or a large part of them) to believe in this as a necessity; and that the military party firmly believed that they could do it; and that, believing in this programme as a necessity, they came to believe that any method whereby they could do this justified itself. The military people gave the whole people an extraordinary case of big-head. I find the evidence of these extraordinary facts incontrovertible.

If President Wilson had accepted the conclusion thus drawn by his observer near the scene of war and had borne it in mind when German arrogance began to attack American commerce, American vessels, and American lives, we might have had fewer diplomatic notes and also fewer months of war.

Not Even the Traffic Problem

THERE is nothing new under the sun. Not even the traffic problem is to be excepted. This is made clear enough from a little moldy volume which has just come to light in London, and, after three hundred years, has been reissued to "a discerning public."

In 1636, when Master Henry Peacham wrote this book, entitled "A Pleasant Dispute Between Coach and Sedan," the problem of "speeding up," everywhere obvious on street and highway, was a subject of great concern. The coaches were the defendants—shocking in their speed, they made so much noise, took up all the room on the road, and ran over the school-children. Trains of coaches waiting to take people from the theater blocked up Blackfriars to such an extent that "persons of quality" were "restrained from going out or coming home in seasonable time."

One extract is typical and revealing. A small group on the street corner has resolved itself into an indignation meeting. It is being addressed by a carter, who takes up arms with vigor against the coach:

> "They talk of the Rattle Snakes of New England, I am sure these bee the Rattle Snakes of Old England. . . . It is long of them that poore prentices are raysed up (before their hours) to their worke when their Masters have been hard at it, at the Tavern over night, would (but for their rattling) be lyen till nine or ten: poore maids . . . cannot take a nap in their shops: children that goe to school or on errands in the street, goe in danger of their lives, . . . and in the streets about the suburbs and places unpaved, you so beedash Gentlemen's Cloakes . . . that let a man but come from St. James to Charing Cross and meete you in his way, one would swear by his dirtie cloake, he had come post from St. Michaels's Mount in Cornwall."

The next speaker is a waterman, who seconds the carter with vigor, and insists that coaches and drivers deserve to be thrown into the Thames, and "but for the stopping up of the channel" he "would they were."

Times change and we change with them, but there is a singular similarity between the problems of every age.

Three Big Little Books

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

OF books it may be said that the "best sellers" are not always the best reading, nor the biggest volumes always the weightiest literature.

This aphorism, which probably somebody has said before, although I do not know who or where, is suggested by three small books which lie before me as I write. One of them has fifty-six pages, another forty-nine pages, and the third, which I have long considered one of the masterpieces of historical writing in the English language, and which covers a period of fifteen years constituting one of the most important epochs in the progress of mankind, accomplishes its purpose in one hundred and ninety-five pages. And yet these three little volumes, which are scarcely more than pocket books and can be carefully read and digested in three or four hours, form a veritable encyclopædia of moral, political, and military courage and right reason. There is an interesting coincidence about them in that they were all originally addressed to young men—the first, chronologically speaking, to the students of Oxford by an American; the second to the students of the Scottish university of St. Andrews by a Scotchman; and the third to the students of Milton Academy, in Massachusetts, by an Englishman. Another interesting coincidence—interesting to me, at least—is that they all fell into my hands on the same day. It happened thuswise:

A couple of weeks ago Edward S. Martin, one of the best-humored and wisest of contemporary critics of American life and literature, who writes "The Easy Chair" in "Harper's Magazine" and the editorials in "Life," asked me if I had seen a book by John Buchan entitled "Two Ordeals of Democracy," and, on my answering in the negative, he advised me to get it. As his advice

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is generally sound, I ordered it. On the day it arrived at my office I read half of it in a taxicab and was reminded by the sweep of its survey and its appreciation of the nobility of true leadership of James Ford Rhodes's "Oxford Lectures on the American Civil War." Determining to replace my lost or indefinitely borrowed copy of that masterwork, which made a profound impression on me upon its first appearance a dozen years ago, I stepped into a pleasant book-shop, and while making my purchase saw on the counter a copy of "Courage," by J. M. Barrie, which was that delightful playwright's inaugural address when the honorary and honorable title of Rector was conferred upon him at St. Andrews in 1922.

The mystery of truth and beauty is as inexplicable as the mystery of electricity or gravitation. One must take them with humility and gratitude without in the least understanding the sources from which they spring. Rhodes is an American business man with a university education who, having made a fortune sufficient for his needs in the iron, steel, and coal industry, retired from business at about forty years of age and devoted himself thereafter to the study and writing of American history. His monumental work on the United States is well known. But the labor of writing those seven volumes must have been simple, it seems to me, compared with the intensive work of his three lectures at Oxford which form the three chapters of the book that lies before me. Brevity of workmanship combined with breadth of comprehension, in which every word and every line shall tell and in which neither the brevity shall cheat nor the breadth confuse the interest of the reader, is the product of the rarest talent in the art of writing. The etcher who with the fewest lines can make his plate as colorful and as impressionistic as a great canvas is the peer of the painter who works on a vast scale. Those who heard and those who now read Rhodes's Oxford lectures will have a clear understanding of the social, economic, and political currents that swept on to civil war, will see distinctive and lifelike portraits of Douglas, Seward, Jefferson Davis, Charles Francis Adams, Robert E. Lee, General McClellan, General Grant, and Abraham Lincoln; and will have some comprehension of the principles of military strategy by which the South was able to prolong the war and the North finally to win it. What an achievement for one hundred and ninety-five pages which have none of the dryness of a statistical text-book and all the color of a sustained narrative! Moreover, it is an interpretation of a bitter struggle that can be read by both Northerner and Southerner without bitterness.

The slender volume by Barrie is also, in a way, a war book. His theme is "Courage" and many of his allusions, mingled with the delicate personal humor which is characteristic of all his writings, are to the World War. "Courage," he says, "is the thing. All goes if courage goes. What says our glorious Johnson of courage? 'Unless a man has that virtue he has no security for preserving any other.' We should thank our Creator three times daily for courage instead of for our bread, which, if we work, is surely the one thing we have a right to claim of him." But courage is incomplete, Barrie thinks, unless accompanied by three other virtues—fairness, cheerfulness, and constancy. As to fairness:

> I urge you not to use ugly names about any one. In the war it was not the fighting men who were distinguished for abuse; as has been well said, "Hell hath no fury like a non-combatant." Never ascribe to an opponent motives meaner than your own.

As to cheerfulness, he agrees with St. Francis of Assisi, who urged his followers to be joyous, laughing, and good companions, for he says:

> Be not merely courageous, but light-hearted and gay.

As to constancy:

> Another piece of advice; almost my last. For reasons you may guess, I must give this in a low voice. Beware of M'Connachie. . . . M'Connachie, I should explain, as I have undertaken to open the innermost doors, is the name I give to the unruly half of myself: the writing half. We are complement and supplement. I am the half that is dour and practical and canny, he is the fanciful half; . . . he prefers to fly around on one wing. I should not mind him doing that, but he drags me with him. . . . You will all have your M'Connachies luring you off the highroad. Unless you are constantly on the watch, you will find that he has slowly pushed you out of yourself and taken your place.

Of the three books that lie before me John Buchan's is perhaps the mo affecting. He is a publisher by vocatic and a soldier and historian by avocatio His "Two Ordeals of Democracy" is a interpretation of the spiritual forces our Civil War in the light of the Wor War, in which he was an active partic pant. Incidentally, it is one of the fine tributes to Abraham Lincoln that I kno of. Not even John Hay nor Carl Schu nor Lord Charnwood has surpassed Like Barrie's address, it is a tribute courage, kindliness, and constancy. Tl two ordeals which democracy succes fully passed through in the person of i great representative, Abraham Lincol were the decision "for the sake of tr liberty to wage war upon license"—Li coln "decided for war, and I think th decision one of the most courageous ac in all history;" and then "the task translating spirit into matter—or, to p it in the words traditionally ascribed Cromwell, first the trust in God and the the laborious job of keeping your powd dry."

On two minor points I take exceptic to Colonel Buchan's interpretation. I d not think he sufficiently appreciates th littleness of McClellan nor the greatne of Grant. The latter's "Memoirs" alor would have given, I should have though to a man of Colonel Buchan's literar judgment a higher conception of Grant intellectual and military genius. A any rate, the standards which Colon Buchan believes should be employed i an estimate of the great warriors an statesmen of history are disclosed in th closing lines of his book:

> The day of wars may be over and our military text-books may forever gather dust on the top shelves. But the interest of war cannot cease, for with all its cruelty and futility it has a power of raising men to their highest and exhibiting human nature at its greatest. The Civil War will remain to most of us a perpetual fascination because of the moral and intellectual elevation of its leaders. It produced two men of the very first order. On the losing side stands Lee, one of the foremost of the world's soldiers. . . . As a man he had an antique grandeur of character. You remember what Bossuet said of Turenne, that he "could fight without anger, win without ambition, and triumph without vanity." That might be Lee's epitaph, and I would add to it that he could lose without bitterness. History has few nobler pictures to present than Lee in the closing days of the war, fighting a hopeless battle with gentleness and

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chivalry, and lifting his broken troops to superhuman heights of achievement. I would set beside that the picture of the old man in his last years in the seclusion of a college presidency, striving by every counsel of wisdom and toleration to heal the wounds of his land.

The other great figure is Lincoln. That rugged face has become one of the two or three best known in the world. He has already passed into legend, and a figure has been constructed in men's minds, a gentle, humorous, patient, sentimental figure, which scarcely does justice to the great original. What I want to impress upon you about Lincoln is his tremendous *greatness*. Alone he took decisions which have altered the course of the world. When I study his career, behind all the lovable, quaint, and often grotesque characteristics, what strikes me most is his immense and lonely sublimity. . . . He was a homely man, full of homely common sense and homely humor, but in the great moment he could rise to a grandeur which is forever denied to posturing, self-conscious talent. He conducted the ordinary business of life in phrases of a homespun simplicity, but when necessary he could attain to a nobility of speech and a profundity of thought which have rarely been equaled. He was a plain man, loving his fellows and happy among them, but when the crisis came he could stand alone. He could talk with crowds and keep his virtue; he could preserve the common touch and yet walk with God.

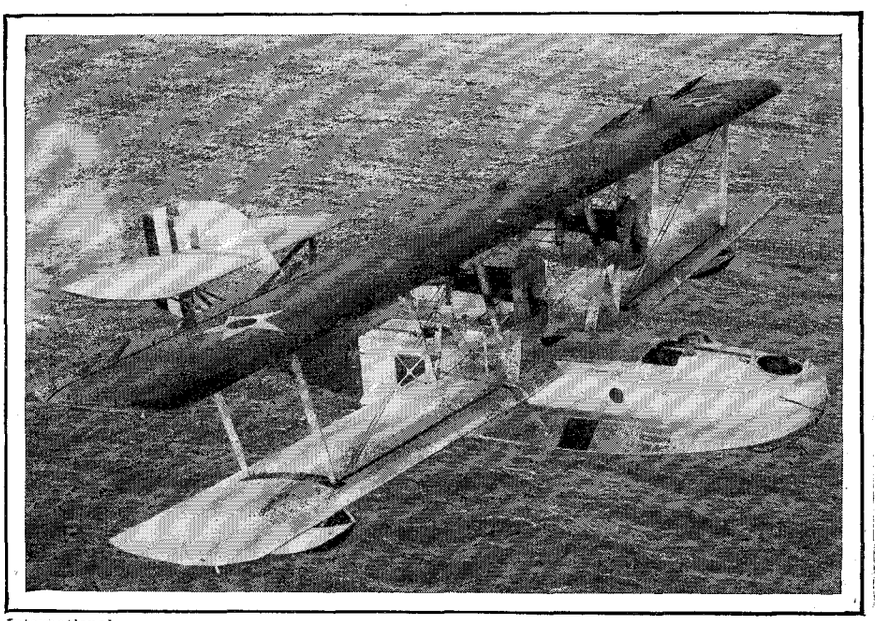
The Flight to Hawaii

Staff Correspondence by Air Mail from HUGH A. STUDDERT KENNEDY

HERE in San Francisco "the Islands," as the Hawaiian group is always termed, are not something afar off. Every hour of every day some ship is passing through the Golden Gate, outward bound to them or inward bound from them. We entertain the Islands with our radios of an evening, and are constantly meeting and talking with people who have but a few days before been riding the surf on Waikiki beach or watching the boys diving for quarters through the clear waters of Honolulu roadstead.

And so on the afternoon of August 31, when the two giant navy seaplanes (PN-9 No. 1 and PN-9 No. 3) rose from the waters of San Pablo Bay and soared through the Golden Gate on their 2,000-mile trip to Hawaii, the San Franciscans who thronged every vantage-point felt that they were but at one side of a great stadium, of which the field was the Pacific and "the other side" the Islands. The ten men cooped up in the speeding planes could have heard nothing of it above the roar of their 500-horse-power motors, but all the way from Telegraph Hill to Sutro Heights, and away across the bay from the hillsides of Marin County a great cheer went up from the tens of thousands gathered there as the two planes, headed west, were sighted across the waters.

Meanwhile, at the other side of the stadium, nearly two thousand miles away, the radio was describing every feature of the scene. Shortly before two o'clock the powerful station KPO came on the air with a radio report of the flight, opening with a description of the scene as it spread out before the eyes of a skilled reporter stationed before a microphone on the top of the Palace of the Legion of Honor, overlooking the Golden Gate. And so the stage was all set and the curtain up, and the vast far-flung audience settled down "to watch the show." For, literally, it was that. It seemed only a matter of a few minutes before the seaplanes had disappeared from sight towards a misty horizon, and as the great crowds flocked back to the city the spectators on both sides of the stadium were placed on terms of equality. They were watching by listening in.



International

The PN-9 No. 1 vanished in the Pacific

It was an interesting experience, not least for the proof it afforded of the rapidity with which the world becomes accustomed to a new wonder and is impatient for further development. About the streets and in the hotel lounges of San Francisco, as the afternoon and evening wore on, the thing most noticeable was the impatience of everybody over the fact that news was "so slow" in coming through. Every two hundred miles from the Golden Gate to Pearl Harbor was stationed a destroyer, equipped and ready to transmit every detail of the flight back to the coast and on to the Islands, yet the last editions of the evening papers only told of the planes three hundred miles on their journey, and it was next morning before we heard of the breakdown of the seaplane PN-9 No. 3. It was all, however, really a marvel of speed. The great audience gathered round the vast stadium of the Pacific, like the audience at every other show, was merely impatient.

Every hour of the day following the start brought its special thrill. Crowds gathered outside the newspaper offices, and every now and again radio programmes would be interrupted to broadcast the latest word. In the early part of the day all was well. The "giant conqueror of the air" was reported speeding on "in splendid shape," oil supply abundant, engines working perfectly, aided by a favorable trade wind. Then

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came the "four hours of unaccountable delay"—four hours of rumor and speculation and fears that the second plane, within hail of victory, had been forced to abandon the flight. Gloom was at its height, when at last a cheering word came out of the air, this time from Honolulu, to the effect that the PN-9 No. 1 was reported "safe and sound and going strong" from the destroyer Farragut, 1,600 miles from the Pacific coast, that she was expected to reach Pearl Harbor in a few hours, and that all Honolulu was aflame with excitement.

Then came the tragedy, and an end to the hopes for a non-stop flight—a message from Commander Rodgers to the Twelfth Naval District Headquarters: "Am running out of gas and will probably have to land at the Arostook or the Tamager. Please stand by."

The Daughter of the Stars!

By LAURENCE LA TOURETTE DRIGGS

THE Nation stands aghast and grieving over the loss, on September 3, of our beautiful Shenandoah and fourteen of her gallant crew.

Lulled into the belief that helium gas provided full safety to lighter-than-air ships, convinced that the Shenandoah, after her numerous tests, was stanch enough to weather any storm that blows, we have awakened to find that it is very easy to be mistaken.

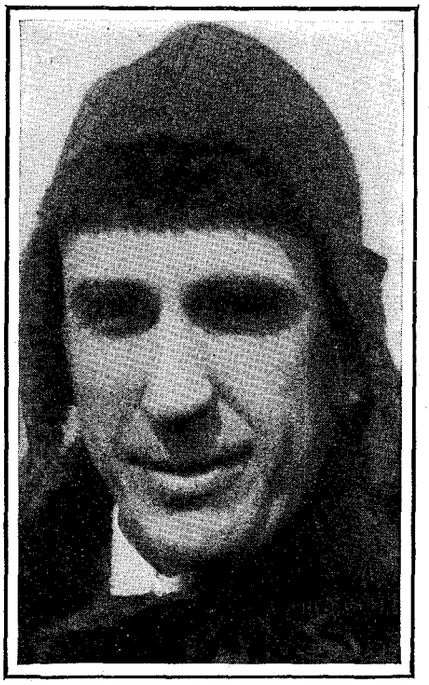
The "Daughter of the Stars," which is the Indian meaning of the name Shenandoah, met her fate, tragic and sudden, in a manner new to the annals of aviation. It is safe to say that no experienced airman would have believed such manner of destruction possible.

The huge buoyant gas bag floated in and with the air. It was surrounded by air, carried along with the current of air in which it found itself. How could local pressure be brought to bear upon one segment of the airship—pressure enough to snap the duralumin framework into two or three parts—when the airship itself was not tied down, was not stationary, but was floating freely seven thousand feet up in its element?

Suppose a vertical gust of air from below struck her suddenly amidships with terrific force. The airship would naturally yield and be carried upward—as she was. Suppose at this instant she had been moored to the earth at both ends. Then this sudden upward pressure of an air current against her center might indeed force up her center until her back broke—which it did.

But the Shenandoah was not fastened stem and stern to the earth. The whole length of her was carried up to seven thousand feet, and there she broke in two like a brittle cigar bent up in the middle. There the shattered girders of duralumin punctured the ballonets of helium, and the airship fell.

The law of cause and effect is here if we can but find it. Rejecting the explanation of a lightning stroke, for which there is no substantiation, there remains another cause for this disaster, and this cause is sufficiently extraordinary.



P. & A. Photos

Lieutenant-Commander Zachary Lansdowne

The currents of ascending and descending air must have exerted terrific force and velocity. They must have been confined to narrow channels. They must have been alternately speeding up and then down these invisible narrow channels. And at one crucial moment the stem and the stern of the Shenandoah, two city blocks apart, must have been held in the grip of a downward blast of air, while at the same instant an upward pressure of air struck her irresistibly in her center. The huge bulk of the airship was at this moment her own undoing. Even the attempt to keep her on an even keel offered a larger surface to the pressure of the ascending current than though she had up-ended and let the blast of air step by. She broke in two across her top two-fifths of the distance back from her bow.

In the month of March, 1920, the author flew from Boston to New York early one morning in a gale blowing offshore at 77 miles per hour. Colonel Gerald C. Brant was flying another De Haviland machine wing-and-wing alongside. We maintained an altitude of 4,000 feet and nosed into the westerly gale at 110 miles per hour.

Time and again during that stormy flight my machine was sucked downward with such sudden velocity that my knees struck violently the overhanging cowling beneath which my legs were stretched to the rudder bar. Only the safety-belt about my waist held my body to the seat. The machine was pulled down by an invisible clutch two hundred feet before it was met by an uprising current which forced it back. While descending and rising thus unwillingly I glanced up and found that Colonel Brant's machine was unaffected by the current of air which held me. At times his machine, fifty feet to the left, would be descending while mine rose. Two contrary currents of air were in violent operation not fifty feet apart. To avoid collisions we increased the distance between us, for these up-and-down movements continued over the coast-line of Massachusetts and across the Sound to Long Island.

Upon landing at Mitchel Field and discussing this phenomenon, we came to the conclusion that these mighty rushes of air horizontally across the landscape, attaining a velocity of 77 miles per hour, were followed periodically by a vacuum behind each blast. These vacuums would be filled instantly, sometimes by air pouring up from the bottom, sometimes pouring down from the top. That they were tubular and small in diameter was evident, for one machine would be sucked downward while the other machine, fifty or one hundred feet away, remained upon its course or perhaps was lifted heavenward in the grasp of a contrary current.

The wind over Ava, Ohio, was blowing 70 miles per hour at the time of the disaster to the Shenandoah. Unfortunately, her length was too great to accommodate

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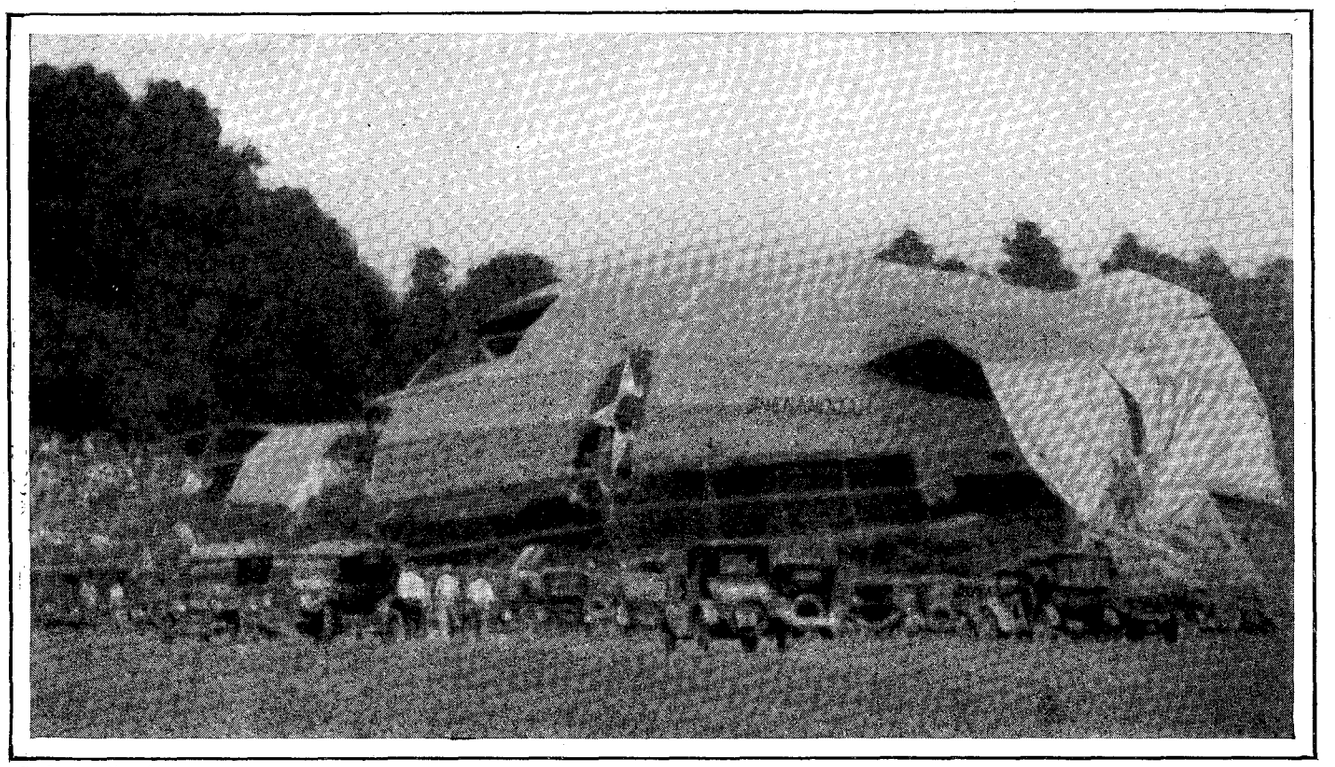

(C) International

The stricken giant

herself to these invisible currents of air which rushed up and down these vertical channels that follow in the wake of wind blasts.

Strong as the Shenandoah was—the "strongest dirigible ever built"—unquestionably she was not strong enough. She was too bulky to cope with "weather." *She was not airworthy.*

WITHOUT airworthiness the airship is a toy—not a useful vehicle. The Nation again is asking itself questions. Are these huge expensive airships of value to us? Of what use are they in commerce or in war? Should we sacrifice more men and money in experimentation with them? If we construct another airship, what will we do with it?

At the beginning of the World War the airship was believed to be a mighty bombing craft. By the end of 1917 it was found that it could not defend itself against the swifter airplane. It was then abandoned as a military weapon and will never again be used in war when opposed by airplanes. Small airships, or "blimps," can be used for scouting with the fleet only when they can retire to a place of safety before airplane attack.

As a commercial vehicle the Shenandoah type of airship has one indisputable superiority—and only one. It is the only vehicle known which can carry ten tons of burden across the Atlantic Ocean in three days!

Against the railroad or against the motor car on land she has no superiority, for she cannot compete with these rivals in speed or in cost of operation. But on the sea she has only the slower-moving sea vessels in competition. Provided she can be made *airworthy,* the airship has a possible future here.

Fast steamers make the voyage from New York to Liverpool in five days. They carry many times as much freight. Whether or not it will pay to build and insure airships to save two days in transatlantic shipments is extremely doubtful. Reliability of common carriers is a requisite to their success. Against a thirty-mile-an-hour wind the airship would need five days to cross the Atlantic! The Aquitania can do as well.

The swiftest speed ever made by an airship is 60 miles per hour. The airship must have tremendous bulk to contain enough lighter-than-air gas to lift her cargo. This very bulk prohibits speed and invites disaster from dangerous wind currents.

The ZR-2, built in England for the United States, was "designed" for 85 miles per hour. She took the air, and made 60 miles per hour without disaster. But on August 24, 1921, when the test was made to produce a speed of more than 60 miles per hour, before delivery to the United States, the ZR-2 buckled up and burst into flames over Hull, England, with the loss of forty-four men on board. She was not built strong enough to withstand the pressure of her own engines.

While it is entirely possible that skill and experimentation may increase the speed of the dirigible balloon to 85 miles per hour, a calculation of the cost and attending risks of operation must convince the sober man that such an achievement is scarcely worth while. If you *must* reach San Francisco from New York in one day or two days, you will take the airplane—not the airship. If you have ten tons of valuable express, you will intrust it to ten airplanes rather than to one airship; and it will be delivered with more assurance of speed and safety, and at less expense.

The Shenandoah cost $2,000,000. The hangar to house her in cost as much again. When heavy winds blew, she could neither leave nor enter her hangar. When ordinary storms broke about her, she was in peril. When no mooring mast was handy, she required 500 men to catch her and hold her to earth. When rain drops clung to her envelope, she feared to attempt landing under their weight until they evaporated. When every condition was favorable, she sailed through the skies majestically—*but to what purpose?*

We have suffered a grievous loss of faithful officers and men. True devotees of the airship will inevitably urge further experimentation. But, in cold common sense, hadn't we better discover a *purpose* before we send another huge airship and crew to share the fate of our late Daughter of the Stars?

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Old Dancers

By MARGARET WIDDEMER

I saw a beautiful thing last night—
Old women dancing underneath a light,
Hand on hip, indomitable, gay,
After the day's work they danced the night away.

Each had known failure, each had known grief,
But she leaped up and down like a twirling leaf;
Life had done to each of them all Life can do,
But she sprang and twinkle-footed half the night through;

Scarlet bodices and gay-bound old head,
Flying petticoats of yellow and red,
Shouting and springing and panting for breath
As if there were no sorrow, as if there were no death!

Life kept no joys for them and no surprise,
But they danced and laughed because their hearts were wise—
They had learned from love and pain and all the rest
That after all of living, brave laughter is the best—

I saw a beautiful thing last night—
Old women dancing underneath a light.

Exclusion or Control—Which?

A Protest Against Bureaucratic Plant Quarantine

By J. HORACE MCFARLAND

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, a sincere man, stood for the closed mind in religious advance. His fight before his death was for the exclusion from the minds of the children of Tennessee of thoughts and theories which he considered dangerous. He was not willing to attempt by truth-seeking education wholesomely to control the conclusions which might follow the study of evolution in nature.

The parallel is awkward, but may serve to point a situation now existing in the Federal Department of Agriculture in respect of the continuance in the United States of that evolution and development in plant life by the introduction of new things from abroad which has in the past two centuries brought us many, if not most, of our desirable fruits, vegetables, and grains, as well as much of the bloom and beauty of our public and private gardens.

Reference is made to what is painfully known to amateur, scientific, and educational plant lovers as "Quarantine 37," under the numerous and perplexing regulations of which many desirable and important plants and bulbs heretofore imported are virtually and effectively, even if not in so many words, placed under embargo, upon the assumption that such action will protect the Nation from new plant pests.

On August 20, 1912, there was approved the "Plant Quarantine Act," empowering the Secretary of Agriculture to attempt to protect the Nation against the admission from abroad of plant pests "new to or not theretofore widely prevalent" therein. It was, and is, a wise and potentially beneficent law, but as now administered is operating on the Bryan basis. It has checked horticultural advance, if one may believe the statements of the Nation's plant authorities.

Dr. N. L. Britton, of the New York Botanical Garden, mentions "widespread dissatisfaction" with its administration. Dr. C. Stuart Gager, of the Brooklyn Botanic Garden, says, "At first I was heartily in favor of it, but I believe now that its administration is serving more to discourage horticulture in America than to keep out plant diseases." Dr. George T. Moore, of the famous "Shaw Gardens" (the Missouri Botanical Garden officially) in St. Louis, doubts "whether a quarantine has ever accomplished anything which in the smallest way would offset the loss in the administration of such an act."

The chief scientific student of and authority on American fruits, Dr. U. P. Hedrick, author of "The Cyclopedia of American Fruits," in referring to the famous—or infamous—"Quarantine 37" (one of more than fifty complicated and intricate quarantines set up under a strained interpretation of the law), writes, "It is doing more harm to American horticulture than good. There are advantages, but they are far outweighed by disadvantages."

Professor Charles Sprague Sargent, the venerable head of the Arnold Arboretum of Harvard University, and undoubtedly the world's most eminent authority on trees and shrubs, has found this exclusion policy so dangerous and the scanty admissions under it so destructive to plant life through "precautionary fumigations," that he is disposed to divert to England the important results of a three-year expedition to portions of Tibet never before explored for plants.

Much the same view as to the propriety and effectiveness of exclusion is taken by eminent entomologists and pathologists, at least as sincere in the desire to protect the Nation as any Federal official can be. Dr. H. H. Whetzel, controlling the plant pathologic organization

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Cornell University, thinks that "quarıtines in general may be more harmful the public good than they are useful." r. C. R. Crosby, a noted entomologist the same institution, suggests that he danger from the importation of ıch material has been greatly exagrated."

Only nominally does the Secretary of griculture control the administration of is good law, although he has power to ıange the complexion of the working ıthority, the Federal Horticultural oard, made up from three bureaus of s Department. In fact, it is the autoatic chairman of this Board who conols, and he is a sincere, astute, and able alot who believes in exclusion for plant otection as heartily as Mr. Bryan beved in thought exclusion for protecting ligion. But he has vast Federal power, ıd he has used it as ruthlessly as any ember of Spain's "Holy Office" ever d his inquisitorial power.

Witness the illogical exclusion after ecember 31 of this year of all narcissus daffodil bulbs, after specially encourged importations for three years in deıce of the pests said to come in with e hundred million of these "posies" nt us annually by clean and careful olland. Witness the boasts made as to e upbuilding of an important American dustry, aside from any legal or tariff rmission, with a consequent price inease to American gardeners of from ıe hundred to six hundred per cent. 'itness the entire shutting out of azaas and rhododendrons and many other sirable plants that must come in with il on their roots if at all; witness the intricate web of red tape necessary to be unraveled each time an American rose lover desires to possess and test the new roses of Europe, despite the admitted fact that the danger of getting plant pests this way is infinitesimal.

The control policy virtually scorned by the Federal Horticultural Board has certain definite beneficences which it minifies or ignores. For example, much is made of the cost of combating the San José scale, a foreign pest. Yet candid orchardists agree that the spraying which has completely controlled this pest has also controlled so many native pests that we have more and better fruit in consequence. The pest has forced us to make apple growing profitable.

The Japanese beetle, used effectively as a "scare-head," seems to be coming under control, for a visit to the alleged center of its dissemination in New Jersey right in the midst of its annual "flight" showed the marketing of a superb crop of perfect fruit.

Another "scare-head" pest is the cotton-boll weevil. Yet in the spring of 1924 there was dedicated to it as a benefactor by the "gratefully enlightened community" of Enterprise, Alabama, a public memorial fountain. The scientist who reports this astonishing occurrence, Professor Arthur H. Rosenfeld, a special cane technologist operating in Porto Rico, also writes upon the "beneficial aspect of the cane mosaic disease," convincingly proving that the necessary care, sanitation, and rotation enforced by the control method results in far greater eventual product and prosperity.

I have said that the Secretary of Agriculture only nominally administers the good law of 1912. He can, if he believes the scientists I have cited and many others, if he cares to listen to most of the great State horticultural organizations, to the amateur organizations of men and women who are pushing forward plant advance in the United States, to most of the great educational leaders in horticulture, change the personnel of the "F. H. B.," as it is called by its victims. He can set before it the ideals of control rather than exclusion, so that the Nation may resume its horticultural advance while more effectively guarding against the preventable spread of new bugs and bothers from abroad. He can end a horticultural despotism that is as un-American as it is unwise. He can, at probably less expense, promote the relations with the phytopathological authorities of England, Holland, France, Belgium, and Germany, which will assure that control and inspection abroad which is operating so well with our human immigration. He can free from intolerable interference the plant-exploration work of our great botanical gardens, to none of which the importation of a plant pest has ever been truthfully traced.

But Dr. Jardine, to whom as an educator and a scientist we plant lovers are looking for relief, cannot do these desirable things if he continues and upholds in power the zealots who sincerely believe in the Chinese wall policy of exclusion rather than in the intelligent policy of co-operation and control. Exclusion, never permanent or complete, or control, always sane and usually effective—which will he give us?

The Prime Minister on Art—A Plea For Beauty

A London Art Letter by C. LEWIS HIND

THE modern cult of ugliness is temporary; it is a throwback from the nineteenth-century shion for prettiness.

N recent speeches about art one orator has eclipsed all the others. He is r. Stanley Baldwin, Prime Minister. ut I am wrong in calling him an orator. e does not orate; rather he converses, ıd his audience feels that he is just a ıod man with ideals, and a determinaın to use them in practical life.

On two occasions he has spoken on art -at the Royal Academy Banquet and at the dinner of the Artists' Benevolent Institution. I have attended the latter function for some years, and I have never heard a speaker greeted with such applause. Why was this? We were interested in his memories of his three uncles —Edward Poynter, President of the Royal Academy; Burne-Jones; and John Lockwood Kipling, father of Rudyard Kipling—and the gospel of work that he learned from them. But that would not have aroused his audience to excitement. What stirred them was the ancient magic of a good man speaking good things. He denounced the "cleverness" that has swept over the painting world, as over other worlds, and he pleaded for a return to beauty. Well, there is nothing novel about that, you will say. True. But it came from the Prime Minister, and it was done with such sincerity and conviction that it fell upon our ears like a new evangel. And he said more—more than a condemnation of cleverness and a plea for beauty. In each of his speeches he counseled artists and others, implicitly if not explicitly, that it is through love only that we can remake the world.

Lest it may be thought that I see in the Prime Minister's speeches more than

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he suggested, I beg leave to refer to an editorial—rather an astonishing editorial—that appeared recently in the "Morning Post," a journal not prone to what the modern world calls sentiment. The editorial was called "The Man Without Hate," and, although the writer prefers to use the words "good will" rather than "love," he makes it quite clear that in Mr. Baldwin's mental composition "hate does not exist," and he adds—which shows what a pass we have come to—that "Mr. Baldwin has evidently found that the principles which inspired the Sermon on the Mount are something more than the shadowy buttresses of a dream."

"The Man Without Hate," who believes in the Sermon on the Mount—a twentieth-century editorial.

I was thinking about these things—about art and beauty, and that the painting of pictures is but an episode in the realm of art, which is really the essence of life, when all superfluities have been rejected, when— It is strange how these things happen just at the right moment. I had been at a tea party where artists and art writers were foregathered, and as I was leaving an American friend said to me: "I am sending you on a copy of the 'Atlantic Monthly' because I want you to read an article in it by Glenn Clark called 'A Lost Art of Jesus.'" She gave me an address to which I was to send the copy of the "Atlantic Monthly" after I had read the article. It is the March issue; so this article on "A Lost Art of Jesus," which I read with intense interest, is being passed on from hand to hand. I read the article twice, and then I had the curious desire to hear the Prime Minister make a speech upon it. I fancy that he would thoroughly approve of the use of the word "art" in the title of Dr. Glenn Clark's essay, and so would his famous uncles and other great Victorians, especially the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and Ruskin, who took it for granted, not worth arguing about, that there is something infinitely greater than mere technique, and that cleverness is a drawback, because when a man fixes his mind on cleverness he overlooks the essential thing—beauty.

If an artist has not the feeling for beauty in him, he cannot express it in his work. It is strange how few artists have this sense of beauty. It is rare. Cleverness is common. Therefore there are more clever pictures and statues than beautiful pictures and statues. And the strange and satisfactory thing is that the public wants beauty. I have watched the visitors to the Royal Academy exhibitions and have marked the effect upon them of beauty—usually a little thing. You cannot mistake that look in their eyes. Beauty—spiritual beauty—has held them.

And I have watched people standing before the towering, simple monument on the Thames Embankment to the dear heroes of the Royal Air Force. On the top is a great eagle, the color of gold, with outstretched wings, and on the pedestal are these words from Exodus xix. 4, "I bare you on eagles' wings and brought you to myself."

You cannot mistake that look in their eyes. Beauty—spiritual beauty, word allied to form—has held them.

How Many Ducks Will You Let Me Kill in One Day?

By William C. Gregg

William C. Gregg is not a sentimentalist; he believes in the right to hunt. Though he prefers a camera himself, he does not question the taste of others who prefer the shotgun and the rifle. He does question the right of hunters to control or influence the game preservation policy of the United States on the reasonable ground that an interested party makes a poor judge.

Dr. Hornaday, John Burnham, and T. Gilbert Pearson are all personal friends of mine. The Doctor is a John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. He knows of the destruction (of game birds) to come, and preaches against it. Few men have his knowledge and zeal. When Dr. Hornaday dies, there will be no other man in America to take his place.

John Burnham is the President of the American Game Protective Association. We understand that the men behind him are manufacturers of guns and ammunition. Dr. Hornaday thinks they are opposed to reducing the limit of ducks and geese which a hunter can kill in one day, because they are interested in selling ammunition. Mr. Burnham, we believe, admits the appearance, but says that they are high-grade men who understand and favor game protection, and, besides, Mr. Burnham admits also that he is boss.

I have always found John Burnham absolutely square and patriotic in all public matters in which he and I have had a common interest, but I have not been in this bag-limit fight.

T. Gilbert Pearson is the President of the Audubon Societies. His character is as square as his friendship for birds is long. You would, of course, expect an Audubon man to side with Dr. Hornaday, but, instead, he seems to be opposed to reducing the number of certain game birds which a hunter is allowed to kill. His argument is about as follows:

Thirty years ago the ducks and geese flying north and south across the United States stopped to feed and nest in swamps and marshes, where all kinds of bird feed abounded. In recent years there has been a mania among men to drain the marshes. This has destroyed the feed without adding much to the desired land values. Mr. Pearson makes the astonishing statement, or inference, that the ducks and geese which now fly over the old marshy feeding beds are starving, and that it is perhaps better to shoot them than to let them die a drainage death. I understand that this is Mr. Burnham's view, and the view of the manufacturers of ammunition.

I want to introduce another character—Dr. E. W. Nelson, Director of the Bio-

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gical Survey, a bureau in the Depart-ent of Agriculture which has to do ith the conservation of animals and irds. I understand Dr. Nelson is very uch concerned about this drainage of e marshes, and he probably agrees with e theory that it is better to shoot ducks nd geese than let them be destroyed by mine. Dr. Nelson's position is too igh and his mind too fine to attribute nproper motives to him. But Dr. lornaday thinks he is too much influ-ced by John Burnham.

I could introduce five or six more well-nown friends who show their teeth hen this bag-limit controversy is men-oned. In their chosen field of learning l these men loom so high that in their resence I shift uneasily from one foot the other in self-abnegation—that is, ntil I hear them discussing the bag mit.

All of these men agree that certain rainage should be discontinued and the eas restored to the original swamp. hey do not all agree that starvation ould be anticipated by shooting.

My experience with my naturalist iends is that they all have a hobby-orse which they once in a while take t for an airing. My sympathies are rgely with Dr. Hornaday, but if he oves too rapidly toward prohibition of ooting, perhaps the bird bootleggers ill get the ducks just the same. But hy should Mr. Burnham and Mr. Pear-on get mad, real mad, because Dr. lornaday says it is wrong to allow hunt-s to kill twenty-five ducks and eight ese each day? Suppose some ducks do e of starvation; they have at least had eir chance with nature.

Why hold on to the twenty-five and ght like grim death? When a man has ot fifteen ducks and five geese, suppose e gently say to him, "Friend, that's ough until to-morrow morning."

Some of these friends of mine are gun unters themselves. (I prefer a camera.) hey are not unprejudiced judges; they ave a trace of the cave man in their ake-up. They are very intelligent, de-ghtfully companionable; but when they ut on their hunting togs, take down eir double-barreled shotguns, and call e dogs they revert somewhat to the rehistoric type. They pick up their ead birds with some gusto; otherwise ey would not hunt. I don't think them tirely qualified to write *bird laws* for ongress. Neither would I allow the oone and Crockett (big game hunters') lub to formulate the big-game policy r the American people. This hunters' mpathy for hunters crops out and may e ranged against the animals and birds,

Kadel & Herbert

A morning's shooting

and fortified by plausible arguments. They will also talk about shooting a deer or an elk as well as a duck to save him from possible starvation.

Take the Kaibab deer as an illustration. A year ago a commission was sent out by the Agricultural Department to report as to whether the deer in the Kaibab Forest reservation (near the Grand Canyon) were starving or not, and, if so, what was to be done about it. My friends Burnham and Pearson were members. I was asked to go, but could not. As I understand their report and conclusion, it was substantially:

> That the deer has been protected for so many years they numbered many thousands, that their feed was inadequate, and that they were in a starving condition, or soon would be.

They recommended—

> (1) That as many deer as possible be given away and shipped from the reservation; *or*
>
> (2) That hunters be allowed an open season to shoot them; *or*
>
> (3) That the Forest Service do the shooting.

You see, our two friends gave the hunters the first chance. When hunters go in, they want the best heads, the finest specimens. It is hardly conceivable that they would take the runts—at least until the better specimens were killed off. Why didn't our friends give the shooting job to the Forest Service as a *first* plan? I presume the old and weak deer would then have been selected for extinction and the strong specimens left to perpetuate the species.

Perhaps I am unfair, but I suspect them both of favoring deer-shooting as a sport. Just a minute please. I am not one of those anti-vivisectionists who wouldn't kill a fly. I recognize the open season for game shooting under wise laws and regulations formulated by *disinterested* people. I am saying that hunters should not draw up these laws, lobby for them in National and State Capitols, and act as the chief advisers of the *enforcing* officials. If hunters must be permitted to do such things, I don't know of two more intelligent and conscientious ones than John Burnham and T. Gilbert Pearson.

Why can't the controversy be passed over, say, to the Izaak Walton League. Why not let the black clouds of contention move west from the metropolis and center around Chicago for a while? Not all knowledge and wisdom are confined to Manhattan Island.

During the last eighteen months I have explored the southern Appalachian Mountains from Georgia to Virginia. I have really seen much of the remaining wild places. Do you know, I haven't seen an animal except one gray squirrel and two or three rabbits? No deer, no bears, no turkeys, no 'possums, no coons! Are they extinct? The natives say not, but I wonder. I can tell you one thing: whatever thinned them out, they didn't *starve* to death. If Dr. Hornaday had had his way down there, that beautiful region would now be stocked with native animal life, not to be enjoyed at the dinner-table, but in their natural places and by a better educated and more enlightened American citizenry.

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Rounding up wild horses on Escalante Desert. Mare and colt being run into horse trap

Wild Horses as Scenery

By RUFUS STEELE

In new Zion Park mustangs vie with mountain marvels in visitors' eyes

"ALL tourists this way, please. Zion Lodge passengers will take the first auto stage, Bryce Canyon visitors the second one. Wild-horse chasers will take the other stages; but first line up to receive rules and regulations, saddles and sombreros, lunches and lariats. Remember, you're to think twice, then go as far as you like—at your own risk."

Some such announcement as this, sooner or later, may greet the tourists who drop off the train at Cedar City, Utah, the gateway to the new Zion National Park and sundry other wonders that are included in the Zion Park tour. The Government, the good folk of Cedar City, and the Union Pacific, which built the branch road in to Cedar, experienced the fulfillment of their hope that the first wide-open season would show the visitors streaming homeward full of enthusiasm over what they had seen; but no one seems to have anticipated the tourists' interest in what has proved to be a sensational attraction. The wild horse—the real, ownerless article that has never looked through a bridle and that has never spent a night in a stable in his life—takes rank, at the end of the first active summer in the new park region, along with Zion's Great White Throne and the natural painted palaces of Bryce Canyon.

The hardy ranchmen of southwestern Utah are surprised and delighted. They had realized that some day the world would force a path into their scenic wonderland, but to them mustangs have always been just mustangs, and it was only when the tourist invasion was upon them in earnest that they began to understand that a band of wild horses, comprising a prancing, sagacious old stallion and his harem of clean-limbed, free-running mares, which could belong to anybody for the taking, was something to get excited about. Visitors about to depart for their homes in the over-civilized Eastern States began to say to the ranchmen: "But suppose we want to come back next summer and chase mustangs until we catch us a few of these wild beauties. Are you prepared, for a suitable compensation, to furnish the saddle animals, the gear, and the know-how?" And the puzzled ranchmen, looking hard at the earnest faces of the visitors and then out into the shimmering desert with its significant specks dancing in the distance, grinned and answered, "Shore 'nough, friends; why not?"

It was after the visitors had made the acquaintance of the glowing peaks and domes of Zion, as a rule, that they caught their first glimpses of the wild bands. The auto stage would emerge from Zion Canyon and begin the second leg of the new park's tour, a hundred miles of road that crosses sage-brush desert and the Prismatic Plains to the Kaibab Forest and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. Off in the sage the travelers would discern moving objects which did not appear to be cattle. Sometimes, on a rock or a mound, an unmistakably equine figure would be silhouetted against the sky. As they watched the lookout would take alarm, leap down and lead his flock off at a pace never effected by domestic horses while grazing, leaving a thin cloud of desert dust in the air.

"Look at those horses!" somebody would exclaim. "They must have broken the fence and got out of their pasture."

The driver would push back his sombrero—all Zion auto stage drivers wear broad sombreros—and laugh. "Those broomtails probably never were inside a fence in their lives," he would explain. "They're mustangs."

"That must be awkward when they're needed in a hurry. Who is their rightful owner?"

"Why, you, ma'am; or the gentleman on the back seat who thought the chuckwalla we passed was a young alligator. The whole flock will just naturally belong to anybody who wants them—and can catch 'em."

And, to the astonishment of the driver and other natives, the visitors watched for wild horses for the remaining three hundred and fifty miles of the tour, and asked so many questions that they were like encyclopædias on the subject when they got back to Cedar City.

There were plenty of things to be learned—things of absorbing interest to those to whom a wild horse on the hoof

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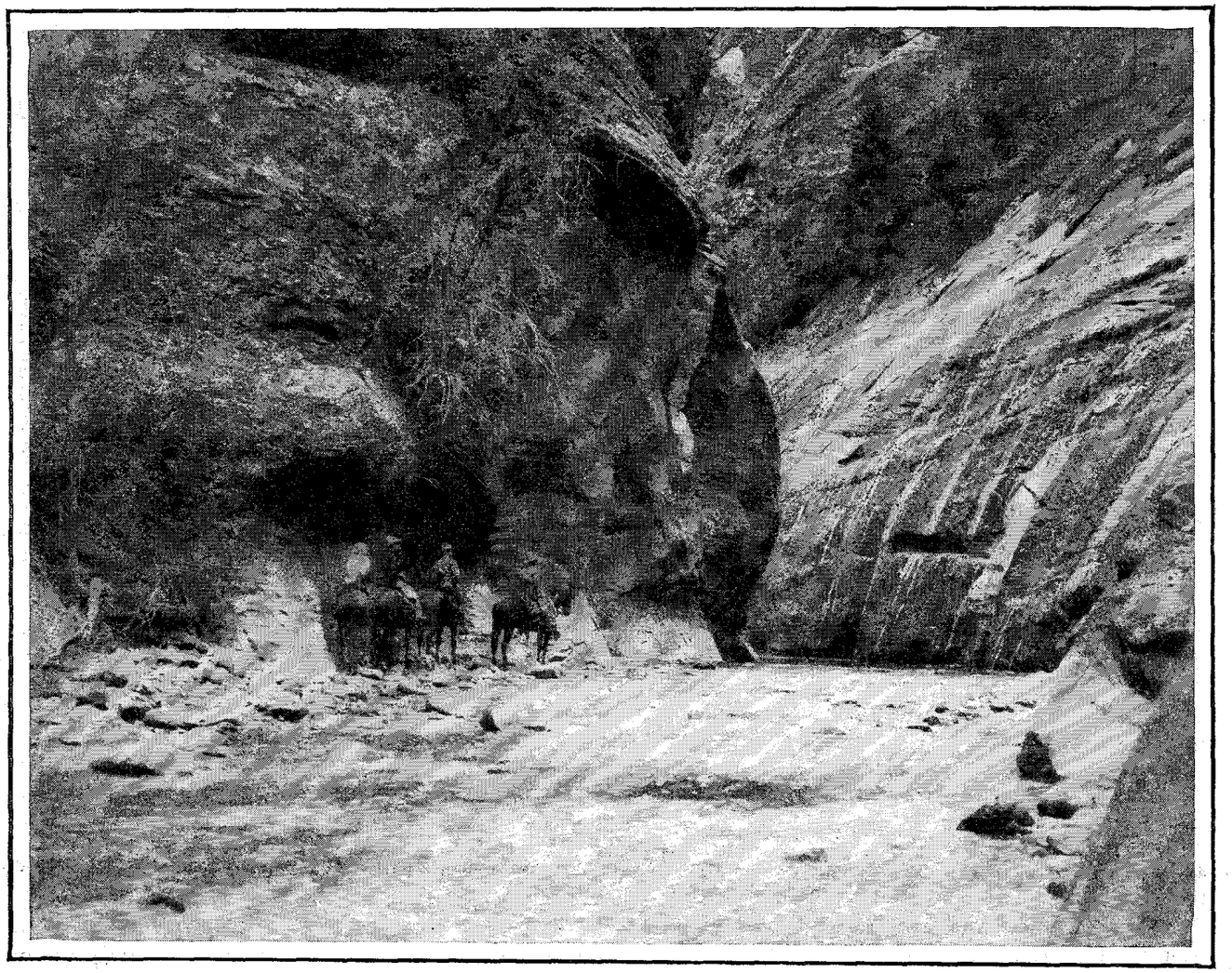
was not only a new sight, but an absolutely new creature on their mental horizon.

The wild horses have been there always—almost. The accepted theory is that they are descended from horses that escaped from Coronado and his men as the Spanish adventurers moved up the Pacific coast in 1540. Horses were not native to America—originally the Indians had none. Through the centuries the horse of the Western wilderness has developed lines and a character of his own; but to this day there is frequently found among the mustangs an atavar—an animal with the spirit, speed, and unmistakable lines of his pure Arabian progenitors which escaped from Coronado. In spite of the ancient determination of men to make all of his kind captive, in spite of diminishing ranges, of dry seasons, and, latterly, of wanton slaughter by the cattlemen and sheepmen, the wild horse has held his own exceedingly well. He has become so plentiful—and, it is argued, so destructive—that in Montana and Wyoming his annihilation by any means has been sanctioned of the law, and hundreds of him have fallen during the past summer.

It is estimated that between Cedar City and the North Rim of the Grand Canyon, in the general district embraced in the Zion Park tour, at least fifteen thousand wild horses remain. They have not ventured presumptuously out to the populated districts, but the world has come in to them. The scenic wonders have justified the building of a railroad and highways into the fastness in which are perhaps the finest wild horses in existence. Along no other highway may the traveler by the auto stage or in his own car see a dozen bands of wild horses in the course of a day. The bands usually number from one dozen to three dozen head. The stallion, who has won his mares by fighting, and who holds them by the same primitive law of conquest, is always in command. One or two male yearlings or two-year-olds may be in the band, but no mature stallion may join without first beating down or destroying its leader. A finish fight between stallions, such as ranchmen and horse-trappers occasionally witness, is an awesome and often a dreadful sight.

The mustangs, living on range grass and sage, nibbling the bark of the quaking aspen, and in times of famine deliberately eating both bark and wood of the cottonwood tree, range in weight from eight hundred to twelve hundred pounds. There are blacks, bays, whites, and roans. There are splendid palominas—horses as yellow as buckskin, with flowing manes and tails of jetty black. There are pintos, too. Three summers ago a band of nine pintos ranged the Kaibab meadows and outlasted the best efforts of the horse-catchers to make them captive. Incidentally, it may be stated that the wild horses are far more difficult of approach than are the Kaibab's black-tailed deer.

The mustangs are fast, cautious, and move under leaders that are sometimes sagacious almost beyond belief. Trying to run them down is usually poor business. In southern Utah and northern Arizona the favorite method has been trapping them at the water-holes. The wild bands are at a disadvantage, because



Once wild horses now in faithful service in Zion Park

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the water-holes are not numerous. When a spring is fenced and the gate left open, the mustangs may approach night after night for weeks or even months without entering. In a year or two, if not frightened, they will regularly enter the inclosure to reach the water, but each time only after the stallion has reconnoitered and has given an affirmative signal. The horses enter at a brisk pace, and as soon as they have drunk their fill they gallop out the opening and do not relax their speed until they are two or three miles away. When the mustangs are using an inclosed spring, the trapper hides in brush or in a hole in the ground so located that his scent will not carry, and when his prizes are inside he leaps out to shoot the gate bars across the opening. The horses are terrified at first, but in a day they calm down. They may be roped and thrown and given a first lesson under the saddle on the spot; but they are more likely to be roped, tied in pairs, and thus removed to a ranch corral, to be subdued in easy stages. Sometimes a wild horse and a tame old mare will be fastened together by hackamores and turned loose. At first the wild one tries to carry the gentle animal to the remotest corner of the desert; but the wild one wears out in time, and the homing instincts of the mare, who knows where oats await, will cause her to bring back the reluctant captive to the ranchman's barn. Often enough the wild horse has his revenge. There are many instances on record where wild horses that had been forced to become members of ranch droves have led the gentle ones off to the freer life of the desert. Certain stallions have made themselves outlaws, with a price on their heads, because of their continued activities in stealing gentle mares for their *seraglios*.

It was when the Eastern visitor, following a trail up to the West Rim of Zion or down into Bryce, learned that the sleek, handsome saddle animal between his legs was a one-time wild mustang that his joy became full. There was no end of thrill in thinking—with every possible justification—that he was riding the sure-footed and now submissive creature upon the very slope where he had once scampered at his own sweet will before there was a sign of a trail.

Chauncey G. Parry, manager of the gray, low-swung, easy-riding auto stages, was of the opinion that the tenderfeet asked as many questions concerning the wild horses as they did concerning the possibility of throwing a bridge across the Grand Canyon's thirteen-mile width at Bright Angel Point or of the commercial possibilities for a paint mill in the depths of colorful Bryce Canyon. And no better authority than Parry himself could have been consulted, for since his earliest youth "Chaunce" has roped, trapped, and outwitted wild horses, and has enjoyed as much fame in the southern Utah horse plateaus as has Charles "Pete" Barnum, inventor of the canvas corral trap, in the wild-horse country of Nevada.

"I always have time to talk with a visitor who really wants to know about these mustangs," Chaunce said; "for there is hardly a man whom I respect more than I do the grand old leaders of the wild bands who have foiled every effort to capture them for years. I watch a 'dude' studying some fine specimen at long range through his glasses, or, as often happens, when we are able to glide along with the stage quite close to a puzzled band that would never allow a horseman or an unmounted man to come so near, and if Mr. Dude begins to tremble with excitement and exhilaration I want to get hold of him and shake his hand. He's my kind. Of course, most of the visitors who see the mustangs for the first time and declare they are coming to catch their own will get over that notion before another summer comes; but if an occasional fellow (or maybe a woman) does drift back here and refuses to be shown that the thing is impossible and absurd—well, I guess I'll forget business, dig up the old outfit and helpers, and do all I can to let Mr. Dude enjoy the adventure of a lifetime."

When this horse-loving auto-stage manager has a listener whom he feels will really understand, he leads him out on Bright Angel Point and tells him of a tragedy of the summer of 1924 while pointing out the geography of it. Workers engaged in improving the trail from the North Rim down into the Grand Canyon had seen in a band ranging near the great abyss a splendid young sorrel mare. The more they saw of that horse, the more they longed to possess her. On a holiday they cleverly planned a chase. The sorrel mare was successfully cut out from her band, and found herself with her pursuers on one side of her and the Canyon brink on the other. They closed in to take her at a point where her trail grew so narrow that a man could barely travel it. But the mare pushed straight on along the diminishing ledge. The men spurred ahead to force her back to safety, but none ever laid hand or rope upon her shining coat. She left the ledge, and by and by the horror-stricken watchers heard a thud that came faintly from the rocky Canyon floor, fifteen hundred feet below.

It has become the fashion to turn wild-horse novels into film. Mr. Parry has had a hand in arranging many of the scenes for which wild horses have actually "sat." He has hidden the cameraman at the water-hole and contrived to get the wild bands to him. He knew how to work, because he was aware that the mustangs liked to drink at least once in three days. On one of these undertakings he discovered from a mountain-peak lookout that a magnificent palomina stallion was leading a band of thirty-eight mares and colts in a distant arroyo. Instantly came the resolve to get that great leader and his extraordinary harem to the water-hole where the camera was to operate, twenty-five miles away. A day was consumed in the planning and many days in executing the plan. But the moment came when the horses, having found themselves turned back from every other source of water, were making straight for the spring where the camera was in wait. Parry himself, from the shoulder of an overlooking mountain, was to signal the cameraman when the band was approaching.

Other desert denizens had planned to drink at that spring that morning—three gray coyotes. They came gliding down to the water and drank their fill, unaware that an excited cameraman was cranking on them through yards and yards of film. From the far high point fluttered Chauncey Parry's signal, but all the cameraman saw was his three unexpected visitors. The horses were nearing the spring. The cameraman raised slightly to see if any sort of signal was discoverable. Instantly he saw the horses; and instantly, although the cameraman sank deep and motionless into his blind, the palomina stallion was aware that something was wrong. He halted his big flock. He moved this way and that, trying the air with his nose. He began to circle the spring. He continued this maneuver, never bringing himself within good camera range and never allowing one of his band to draw a single step nearer. After three-quarters of an hour, during which the cameraman all but perished from excitement and strain, the stallion came to a sharp decision. He flew at his thirsty mares, beat them into right about, took up the lead, and carried them away from the spring and over the desert hills at top speed. There was not the slightest use in trying to do anything further with that band. They had not tasted water in several days, but it was five days more before they slipped down in the dark to a water-hole; and that water-hole was nearly one hundred miles away from the spring where a cameraman met with what he will always regard as the tragedy of his life.

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Photograph from Bethlehem Steel Co.

Pig Iron Piled in Storage

Pig

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

THE most important species of pig is not packed at the stockyards. It flows, a torrent of potential railroads, bridges, sky-scrapers, steamships, automobiles, tin pans, and carpet tacks, from the fertile fire of the blast-furnaces. The stream is ceaseless, but its volume is ever-changing. And thereby hangs a well-worn tale.

The output of pig iron depends upon the demand for steel. The latter depends upon the amount of new construction undertaken. Lastly, new construction fluctuates with business prospects. Such, at least, is the conventional chain of reasoning, leading to the conclusion that pig is the most diagnostic product of industry. One of our leading trade journals publishes from time to time a "Blast-Furnace Business Dial." The dial is graduated in accordance with the assumption that when sixty per cent of the country's blast-furnaces are in operation business conditions are normal. The index of this diagram is set to correspond with the latest monthly report of blast-furnace activity. The Department of Commerce publishes statistics of pig-iron production at the head of its list of "business indicators."

Economists and business wiseacres are always talking about pig. One wonders how many of them visualize clearly and correctly the commodity itself, as apart from mere rows of figures concerning it. How many of them have ever seen it made? How many know anything about the physical aspects it assumes, or realize that it is not a single product, but a large group of products, each of which serves a particular use in the versatile art of making iron and steel?

The very dictionaries are all at sea about pig iron. They would have us believe—and the educated public at large probably does believe—that this material is invariably cast into solid blocks, known as "pigs." As a matter of fact, less than half the total output is ever solidified at all. The commonest fate of smelted iron nowadays is to be charged by the gallon, so to speak, into a huge vessel called a "mixer," which, in turn, feeds it to a battery of steel furnaces. It never cools or hardens until it has been metamorphosed into steel. Solid pig still takes the traditional form of semicylindrical bars. Its diversity is not in its shape, but in its composition. Both solid and liquid pig irons are made in a great number of standard and special varieties in response to the manifold needs of the foundry, the puddling furnace, and the steel mill. The list includes foundry pig, malleable pig, Bessemer pig, basic pig, mottled pig, ferro-silicon pig, gray forge iron, ferromanganese, spiegeleisen, and so forth, besides the irons which foundrymen, as a rule, order by chemical formula—specifying the percentages of phosphorus, sulphur, silicon, and the like.

While pig is hardly a familiar sight to most people, the places where it is made are known to everybody, at least through pictures. The architecture of the modern blast-furnace is distinct and unmistakable. If, however, you suppose that this structure is as common a *motif* of the industrial landscape as the coal tipple and the oil derrick, you will be astonished to learn that all the blast-furnaces in this country number barely 450, and of this small number several

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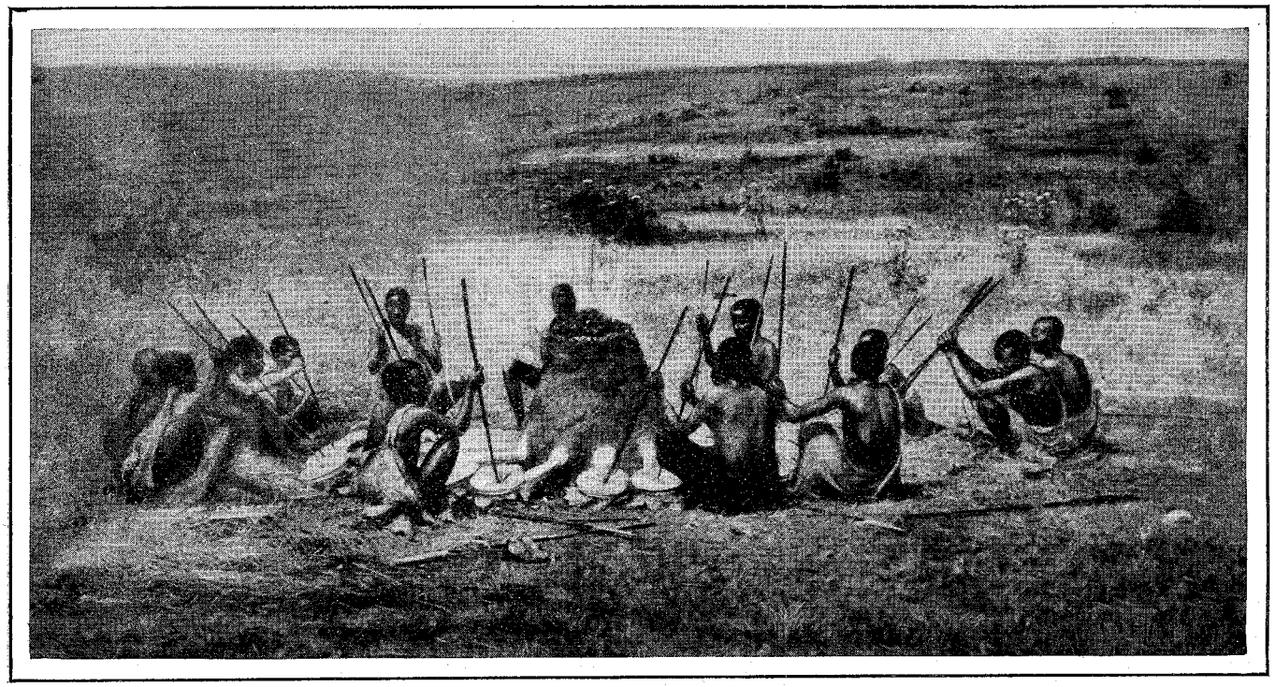

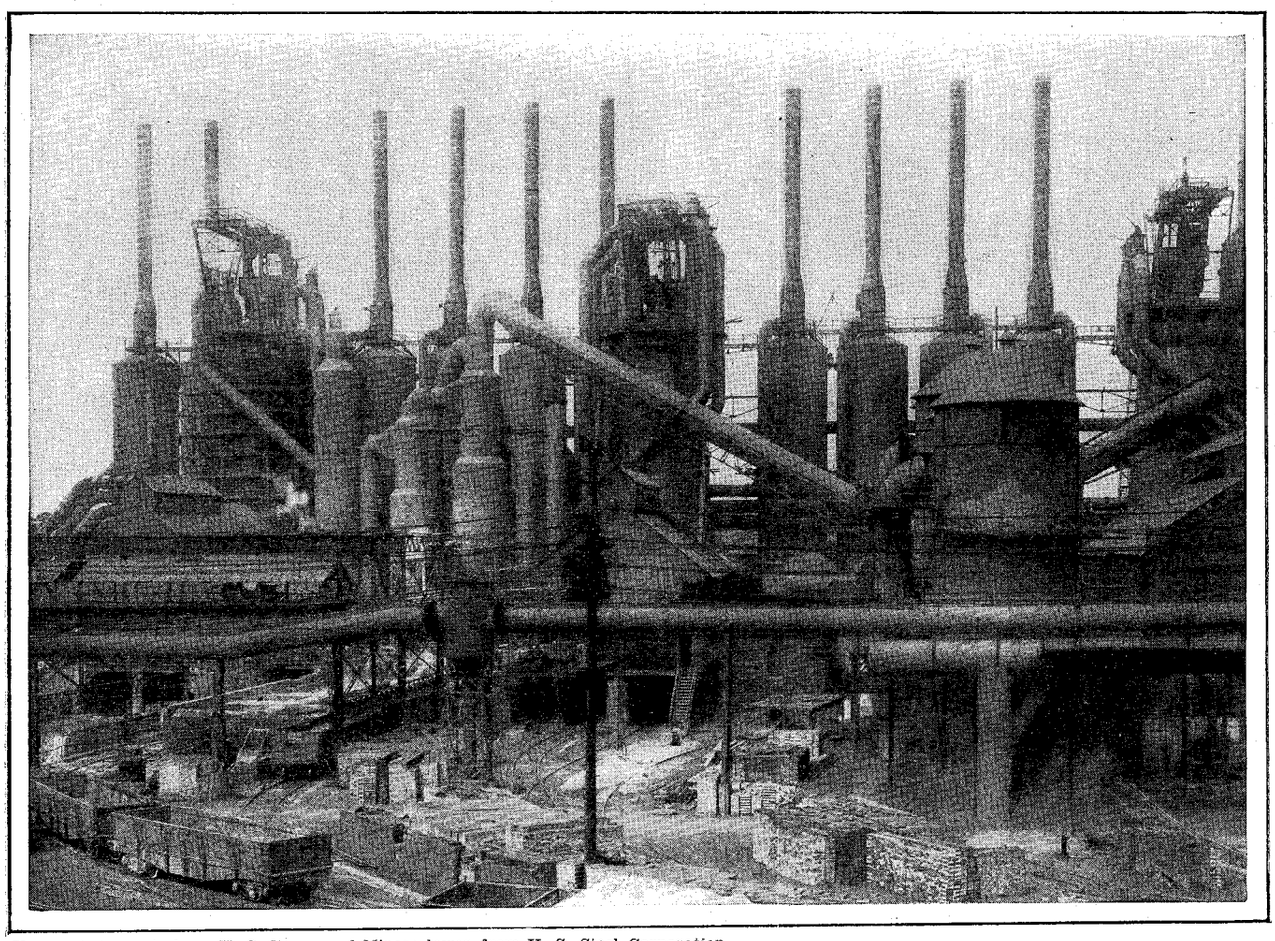

Upper photograph from U. S. Bureau of Mines; lower from U. S. Steel Corporation

Blast-Furnaces: A Record of Progress

The upper picture, from a painting at the Washington office of the United States Bureau of Mines, shows South African natives smelting iron by a process which, though primitive, does not belong to the earliest stage of iron metallurgy. The first smelting was done with no other draught than that afforded by the winds of heaven. The introduction of the goatskin bellows was a notable advance. In the process here illustrated each man works two bellows alternately, so as to maintain a continuous draught. The furnace is a mound of baked mud, and the iron ore is heated in contact with glowing charcoal. Below is an ultra-modern furnace plant, typical of those erected in recent years at the southern end of Lake Michigan. Three furnaces are seen. The cylindrical structures with tall smoke-stacks are the "stoves" in which the air blast is heated. In front are the dust-catchers and washers for cleaning the gas generated in the furnaces as a by-product of the smelting process. This gas is used for heating the stoves, driving the blowing-engines, and many other purposes

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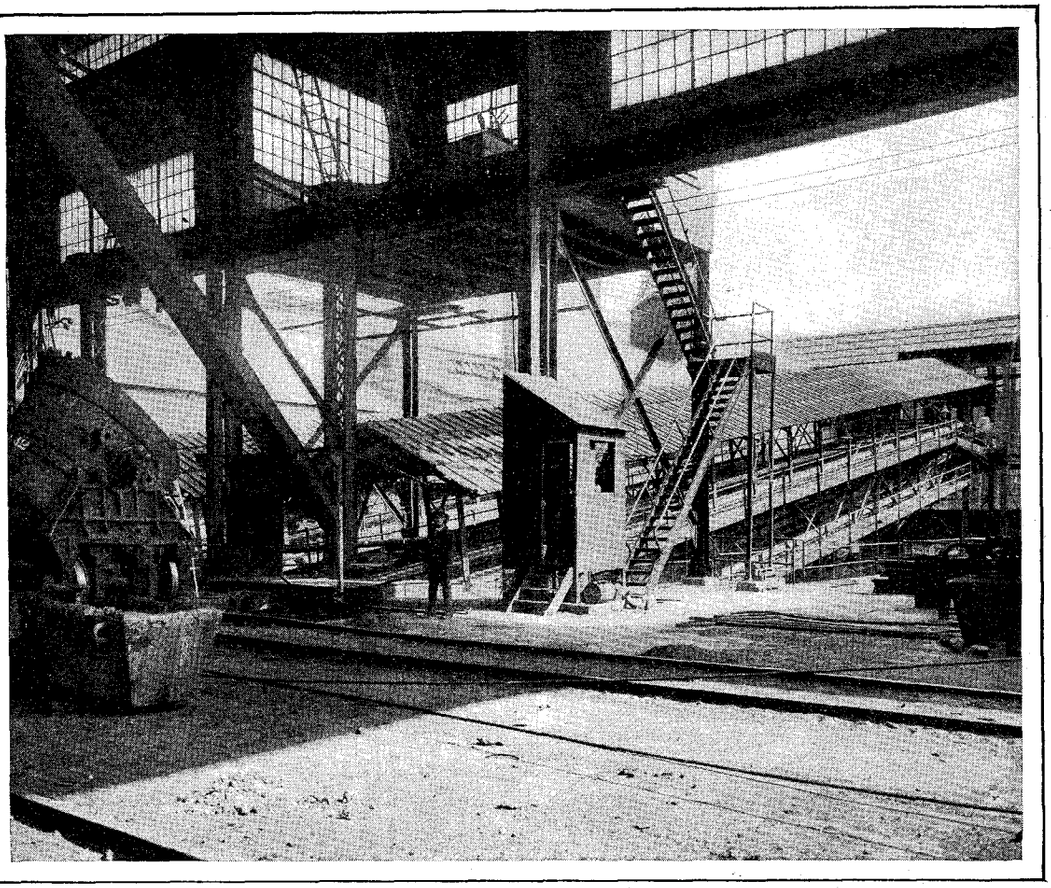
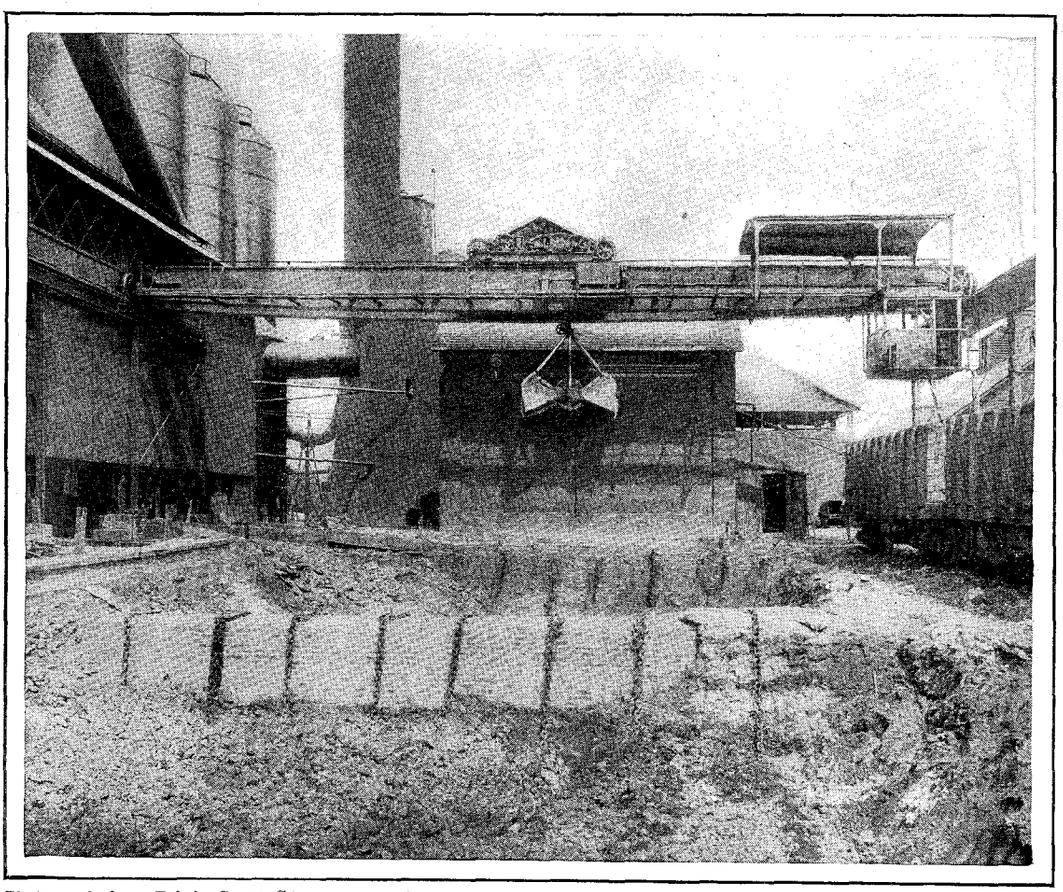
The Pig-Casting Machine

According to the older method of making pig iron, the molten metal as it comes from the blast-furnace flows into sand molds laid out on the floor of the cast house. The mass of metal filling each mold is called a "pig," while the metal filling the channels connecting a number of molds is called a "sow." The newer method, herewith illustrated, saves both space and labor. The metal is poured from a ladle (seen at the left) into a series of iron molds carried on an endless chain. The molds travel slowly, and the pigs are cooled partly by the air and partly by a bath or spray of water. When they reach the upper end of the incline, they fall into cars. Three or four times as much pig iron is now cast by machine as by means of sand molds



Photograph from Bethlehem Steel Co.



Photograph from Toledo Crane Co.

Slag Pit at a Blast-Furnace

Blast-furnace slag used to be one of the commonest and most unmanageable waste products of industry. The problem of the iron smelters was to get rid of it with as little expense and trouble as possible. Like nearly all other industrial wastes of yore, it is now a source of profit. Of the 20,000,000 tons of slag produced annually at American blast-furnaces, fully sixty per cent is now sold commercially, and the time is probably near when all of it will be turned to account. It is used as road metal, railroad ballast, and concrete aggregate. Much goes into Portland cement, some into mineral wool. Paving blocks and roofing are made of it. Even the heat of the molten slag as it comes from the furnace has been used to generate steam. The picture shows one of the many ways in which slag is handled at furnace plants. Chains are laid in the pit and the slag is then run into it. After the slag has hardened the chains are pulled through it to break it up. It is then loaded into cars

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are, in a majority of cases, grouped at a single plant.

The most paradoxical fact of all about blast-furnaces is that there are fewer of them in the country to-day than there were three-quarters of a century ago. Of course, the individual furnace has grown vastly in size and has been fitted out with marvelous mechanical accessories for speeding production. Thus, despite the reduction in number, they are supplying our fortunate Nation with some thirty or forty times as much prosperity in the shape of pig.

My Neighborhood

By EDWARD CORSI

Edward Corsi finds in the polyglot boarding-house of New York the makings of the America of to-morrow. It is an article to make Americans of the old stock pause and think

WE were discussing America and American literature over a cup of black coffee in one of the many Italian coffee-houses of the neighborhood. My friend, a bohemian of decided literary tastes, did most of the talking, and evidently enjoyed it. With that cynicism characteristic of the East Side intellectual—too often an indication of dreams unrealized—he reviewed many of our "best sellers," passing on from Sinclair Lewis's "Main Street" to the Great American Novel.

"In my opinion," he said, "when that novel comes to be written its background will not be Main Street, but the East Side of New York. Its central figure, furthermore, will not be a Babbitt or a New England farmer or a Kentucky colonel, but an immigrant's son, a child of the melting-pot." He sipped his coffee, puffed at his cigarette, and continued: "While Main Street is American, the East Side, with its peoples from many lands, speaking many tongues, and gradually building a civilization which, in the end, will be ours and not Europe's, is America. It is the America of to-morrow, or, if you please, America in the making. And the Great Novel, to be true to life, to outlive its author and its age, must deal with and interpret that America." He looked squarely at me, his eyes asking, Isn't it so?

MY friend is a unique character, very interesting and very entertaining. Without him and his like the coffee-houses, barber-shops, and "wine basements" of the neighborhood would not be the "intellectual" centers they are. He is the Benvenuto Cellini of Little Italy. The words of wisdom that fall from his lips are manna to ignorant minds eager for knowledge. But, though unique as a character, there is nothing unique or strange about what he says of America. In this respect he speaks the mind of his audiences. America, when all is said and done, is but a great melting-pot, a "polyglot boarding-house," and nothing else. Why, then, shouldn't the East Side be the background for the Great American Novel when it comes to be written? Is not the East Side America?

THAT such should be the opinion of my neighbors is strange, but not unexplainable. There is, and can be, but one America to the immigrant (just as there is one Europe to most Americans), and that is the "America" with which he has come in contact. There is no other. The American people are to most of my neighbors either Indians, whom they have never seen except in the movies, or "Americans" of their acquaintance, newcomers like themselves. I have lived with immigrants all my life, worked with them, am an immigrant myself. And I know how strictly encompassed is the outlook that shapes their opinions and controls their judgment. The great open spaces of the West, real as they may be to Westerners, are but screen pictures to New Yorkers who have lived their whole lives in the shadows of sky-scrapers. Workers living in the mining towns of Pennsylvania or West Virginia or on the farmlands of the South and West may not know, and do not know, the congested streets, the dingy tenements, and the busy sweatshops of the East Side, but to the Italian mother on Mulberry Street, imprisoned in her four-room flat, or to the overworked Jewish tailor on East Broadway there is, and can be, no America without them. Their "America" is a hodgepodge of toiling millions, tenements, crowded subways, busy sweatshops, and fenced-in playgrounds—in other words, the East Side.

My neighborhood is on the East Side. Two hundred thousand men and women in a territory less than one square mile in size. Albany, Omaha, Spokane, Reno, Sacramento, and Richmond are but hamlets compared to this city within a city. Nowhere in America is congestion with its inevitable poverty, disease, and crime more pronounced, nor life with its interminable ebbs and flows more strenuous. The lower East Side (we are on the upper East Side) questions our claim to greatest congestion. Perhaps it is right. To the victor the palm when the truth is known! But the lower East Side will concede us, we hope, one honor at least—that of having the most populated block in the city, in the country. Of this we are proud. Five thousand human beings in one city street; as many as fifteen to a four-room flat; two, three, and even four hundred to a tenement intended for fifty!

WHEN William Kieft was Governor of Nieuw Amsterdam, a few years before Peter Stuyvesant came on the scene, old Dr. Johannes de la Montagne, founder of Nieuw Haarlem, wrote to a friend overseas that his village, now my neighborhood, had no less than "thirty male residents, mostly heads of families and freeholders." That was quite a number for those days! Later on, when the dignified Washington made love to pretty Marie Philipse (here in my neighborhood) and Nieuw Amsterdam had become New York, the modest village had grown to a fair-sized town. It remained as such until America's gates, in the decades following the Civil War, were thrown open to the breadwinners of the Old World. Then the change came. The newcomers not only dispossessed the old stock, but transformed the quiet-living American community into a noisy miniature Europe of their own.

And so is my neighborhood to-day—a miniature Europe, a little world of tenements and tenement-dwellers, in which every nation of the Old World is represented, every language spoken, every faith professed. Even the Dutch remain, just a handful of them, and their Reformed church stands, dilapidated but

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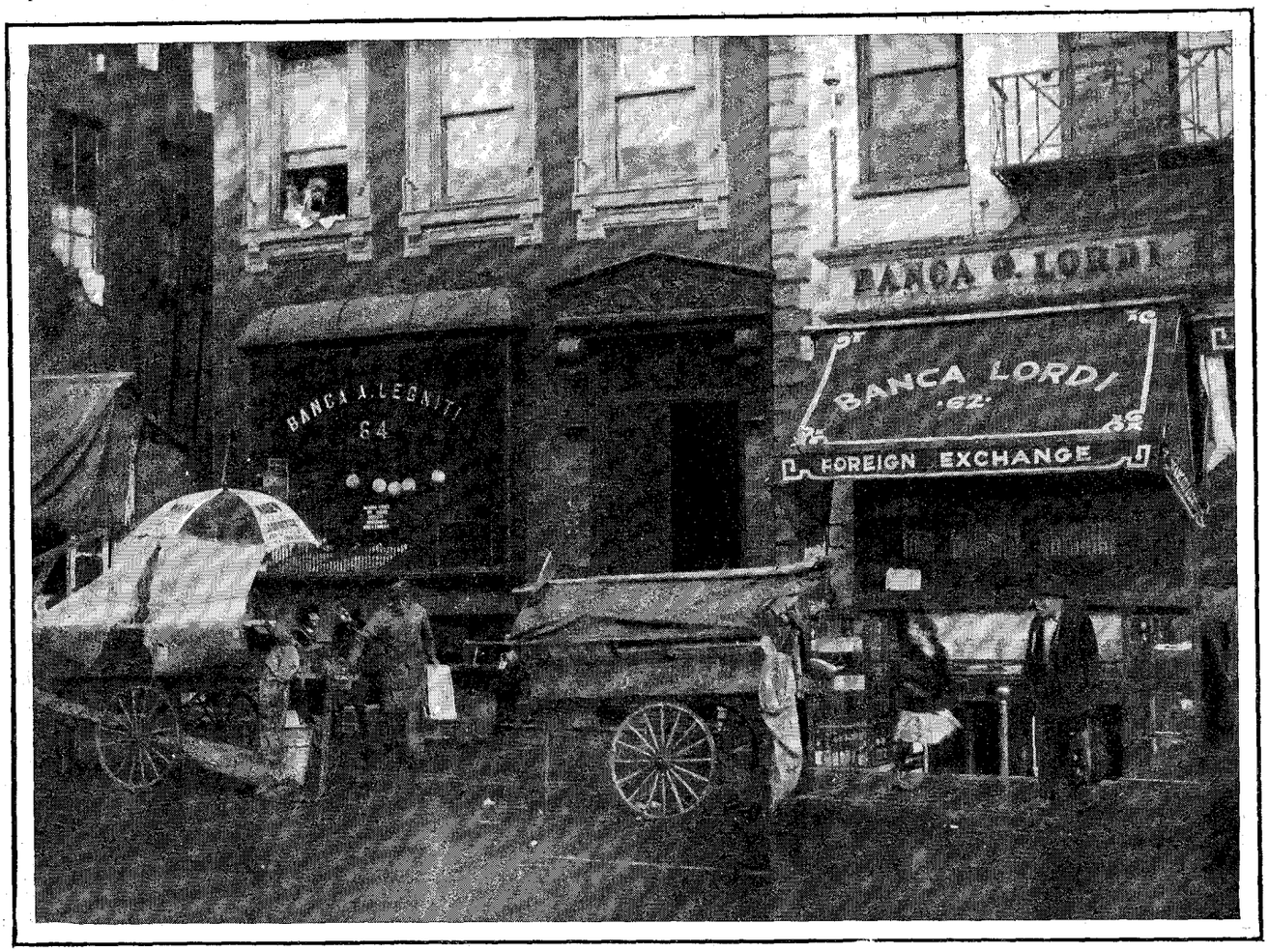

" Paris is not more interesting nor Vienna gayer than this miniature Europe which is Paris, Vienna, and Naples combined "

useful, an alien edifice to the Jews, Catholics, and infidels surrounding it.

THERE are twenty-seven nationalities in the neighborhood, including, of course, the Chinese laundrymen, the gypsy phrenologists, the Greek and Syrian storekeepers. East, along the banks of the East River, surrounding Thomas Jefferson Park, are the Italians; on Pleasant Avenue are the Poles, Austrians, and Hungarians. West, where Fifth Avenue loses its dignity but not its charm, are the Jews, sons of many lands; near them are the Turks and Spaniards. North, where "Little Italy" makes room for "Little Africa," are the Negroes, gradually moving down, much to the discomfort of the whites. South, resisting the merciless invasion of the Jews and Italians, are the Germans and Irish, remnants of a stock that once ruled this part of town. Scattered throughout the neighborhood, with limits well defined, are lesser groups—Finns, Russians, French, Swedes, Danes, Rumanians, and Jugoslavs. Here and there, like refugees in exile, are a few Americans of old stock, heroically holding their ground.

The cosmopolitan character of the neighborhood is evidenced, not only in the signs of many languages, the chop suey, rotisseries, and spaghetti houses, the synagogues and Catholic temples, the flags of many colors, the foreign papers on every news-stand, but in the types one meets on the streets—tall blond Nordics, olive-skinned, dark-haired Mediterraneans, long-bearded Semites and Slavs, massive Africans, East Indians, gypsies, Japs, and Chinese.

The Italians and Jews predominate, giving the neighborhood the color of the Roman Ghetto. Few people have less in common than these. They differ in language, religion, custom, and temperament. But they get along, even if now and then there is an unpleasant interchange of "kike" and "wop." Under the protecting ægis of the Irish policeman's club or of the American flag even the brotherhood of man is possible. Indeed, if that brotherhood exists anywhere, it exists here, imperfect as it may be. Our "nations" have learned the meaning and the value of co-operation. We have a "league" that functions. Jew and Gentile, white and black, French and German, Italian and Austrian, meet on common ground. There is no breaking of bones, no boundary disputes or reparation problems. The Great War itself, with its passions and hatreds, could not disturb the peaceful equilibrium of the neighborhood. Life in that trying hour went on as usual. All fighting was done for America. In the last political campaign the Jews and the Italians joined forces. The result was the election of "the lone Progressive Congressman from the East," an American of Italian extraction, and a large vote for La Follette. If in the next campaign there should be no "third party" to unite the "nations," Tammany, always eager to serve, will do the best it can. We can always count on Tammany to maintain harmony in the household, electing Irish Senators with Jewish and Italian votes.

THE Italian, by the way, is not much of a politician. He is too poetic for the "game." He prefers loftier pastimes. While the Irishman is organizing the ward and the Jew listens attentively to the platitudes of the soap-box orator on "Trotsky Square" (the Hyde Park of the neighborhood) the Italian is at home, enjoying the rapturous strains of "O Sole Mio." But, if not a politician, he is cer-

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tainly an artist. Whatever there is of color and poetry in the neighborhood we owe to him. "Little Italy," with its picturesque markets, tenor-voiced venders, Vesuvio restaurants, candle-shops, statuette dealers, religious and patriotic societies, dark-eyed *signorine* and buoyant men, is but a reproduction of Bella Napoli. The feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, one of many feasts throughout the year, with its processions of barefoot devotees winding through the decorated and lighted streets, is a dramatic event. There is about it a touch of the Middle Ages.

WHAT is true of the Italian is true, more or less, of others in the neighborhood, of the neighborhood in general. The life of the Old World is reenacted here. Were it not for the "flappers" and the "cake-eaters" of the younger generation, "Americans" to the core, the illusion would be complete. They "Americanize" the picture, but do not destroy it. Paris is not more interesting nor Vienna gayer than this miniature Europe which is Paris, Vienna, and Naples combined. To be sure, we have not the imposing opera houses, theaters, and hotels of those cities; no Boulevard des Italiens. We are a community of workers, and our life is proletarian. But we have our cafés, rathskellers, spaghetti houses, cabarets, dance-halls, and, since the Volstead Act, our "speak-easies" for the "regulars." We have Yiddish theaters and Italian marionette shows, not to mention the movie and vaudeville houses. Our second-hand book-shops are as good as those of Paris. So are our music stores. Were it not for the soul-stifling tenements and the necessity of having to "keep going," we would have great poets, great artists, great musicians. Some day we will have them.

SOME day! But some day this neighborhood of mine will be gone. In fact, it is going now. America's doors are fast closing, and the tide of a new civilization, a civilization which is not Anglo-Saxon or Latin or Slav, but "American," is setting in. When the Great American Novel comes to be written, this "polyglot boarding-house" of many "nations," with its old customs and traditions, its alien tongues and creeds, will have lived its day. Out of the crucible a new neighborhood is emerging, and the myriad of little tots crowding the street and packing the school are my neighbors of to-morrow, Americans all.

What Co-operation Can Do

By HUGH J. HUGHES

Co-operation has been talked about as though it were a panacea for all the ills of producer and consumer. Hugh J. Hughes tells simply and graphically what it is, what it has done, and what it can do

THE outstanding mystery about co-operation is that its processes have been made to appear mysterious.

From the day when it began to toddle about in the guise of farmers' elevators, stores, and creameries, back in the 'seventies, it has been press-agented as the Knight in Shining Armor that was come to deliver the farmer from the whole brood of dragons that harass him—the Monopolies' dragon, the Low Prices dragon, the Mortgage dragon, the Over-Production dragon, the Exportable Surplus dragon, etc. It has been represented as the Sir Galahad of business, able to conquer because its heart was pure. Its advocates have said little about preparation, ability, equipment, necessity for it, practical obstacles to be overcome, etc.

It's about time that we get over this childish vision of co-operation as a dragon slayer, and talk about it in terms of twentieth-century business.

It goes without saying that co-operation has made wonderful progress within the United States, and more especially during recent years. That fact is not merely admitted; I wish to stress it as showing that, in spite of all the false bally-hooing and misunderstanding of the aims and scope of co-operation, it has accomplished wonders.

I submit that co-operation—the kind that does things—is merely our old friend Private Ownership dressed up in a new suit of clothes. He is no bigger, no better, no wiser, no more omniscient than of old. He can stub his toe as easily or go broke as surely under the new name as ever he did under the old.

The Test of Experience

TAKE your own experience with co-operation first, if you please, with some local co-operative venture.

Dollars to doughnuts, it was started on its way with the assistance of a lot of "hot air" about putting "the dealers" out of business.

And what happened was this: After the battle was over (and usually it was *some* battle) there was another dealer in the local field—another store, elevator, creamery, or what not. Nobody exterminated. No business "wiped out."

Whatever happened in that line amounted to this: The new association became the owner of a business which it either took over or else built up by a transfer of its members' patronage from other business men to themselves.

The local co-operative does exactly what the local private dealer did and does, and its only chance to win out in a business way is to do *all* that the private dealer does—and to do it a bit better. And if the local co-operative tries to do *more* than the local private dealer has found it profitable to do, the chances are that it winds up in bankruptcy.

Take grain. The local private elevator buys, sells, margins, mixes grain. Collects and ships in volume.

It is exactly this, no less and no more, that the co-operative can do and does. Of course it adds, now and then, other things to its list, such as the purchase of flour, feed, coal, salt, etc. So might, and so does, the private dealer.

There is here no difference in the work performed. The difference to the farmer lies in the fact that, as part owner of the business, he shares in its profits, when there are any, and if he is a good partner in the business, if he gets to know its "inside," that knowledge may help him to gear his farming a bit closer to market requirements.

So we might analyze the service performed by each and every local co-operative from coast to coast. And from these comparisons we would be able to draw the general conclusion that the local association does for itself, or has done for it by the farmer member, down to the last item and detail everything that the private dealer does with the product he buys from the farmer, and that what the

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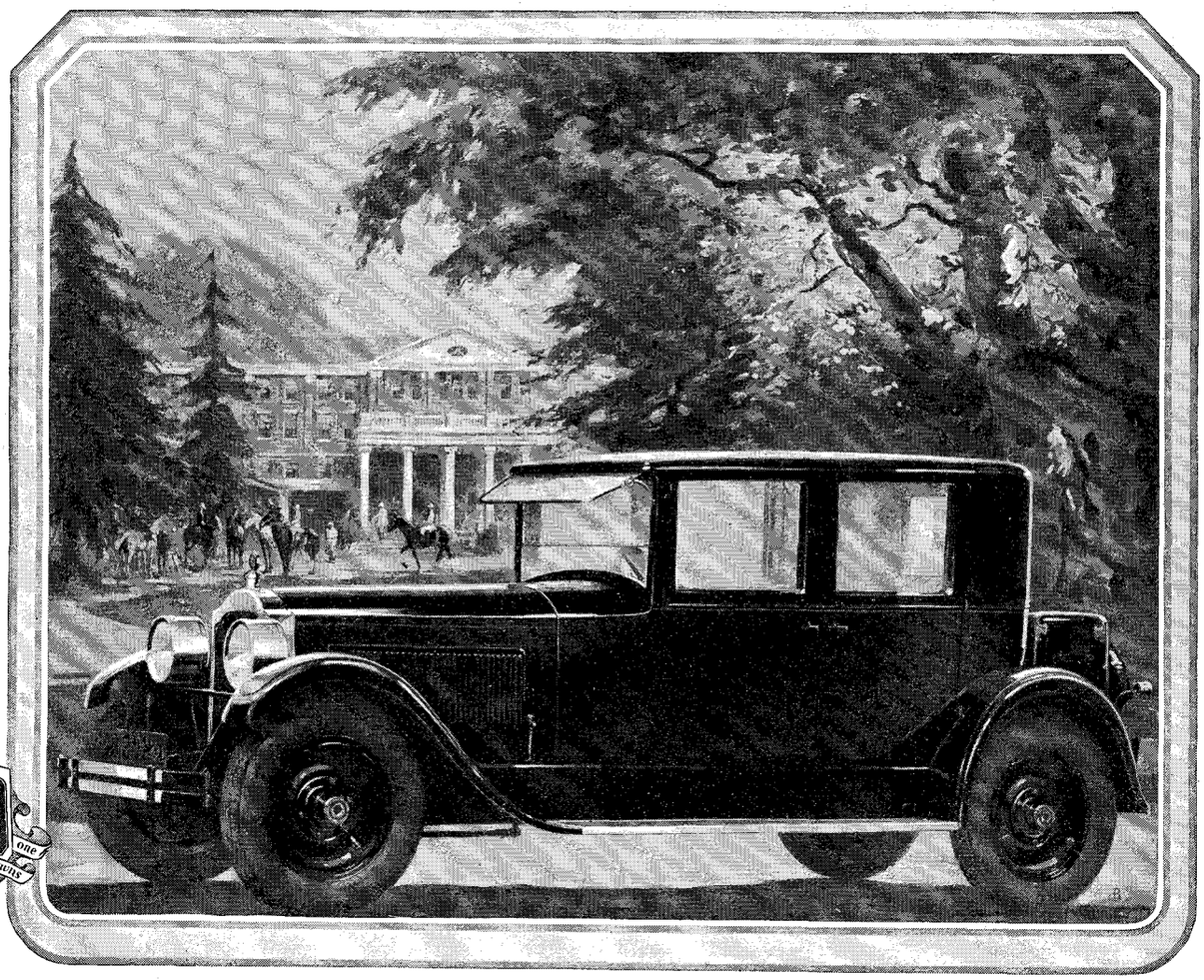

Packard Presents a Club Sedan

THE new Packard club sedan might well be called the sport model enclosed car.

This beautiful new body combines the roominess of a sedan with the intimacy of a coupe.

But unlike a coupe, the club sedan has four doors. There is no crowding when the rear compartment passengers enter or leave.

Those who tour will appreciate the new water-tight and dust-proof enameled trunk, which is removable without affecting the car's beauty of line.

For all social uses the new club sedan is destined to be very popular. It will appeal also to the business or professional man who wants beauty, distinction and comfort combined with unfailing performance in his motor car.

The new club sedan body is mounted on the improved chassis of both the Packard Eight and the Packard Six.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

The Packard Eight club sedan is illustrated—$4890 at Detroit. The Packard Six club sedan is priced at $2725 at the factory. Packard dealers welcome the buyer who prefers to purchase his Packard out of income instead of capital.

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local "co-op" has done is to make the farmer a partner in the business, just as Jones and Smith were partners in the same line of business, and, further, that if the "co-op" is on the road to lasting success it passes back to each member a partner's responsibility.

Any profits made by the local firm, whether private or "co-op," comes usually out of assembling goods for market, often out of sorting or grading, seldom out of speculative holding. As in retail selling, comparatively large volume and quick overturn are the main essentials to profit in local co-operative selling.

Now let us circle a bit wider. Beyond the local dealer stands next in line on the road to the consumer the man who buys at wholesale what the local dealer has to sell, and who sells either in large or smaller quantities what his customer—the packers, the millers, other brokers and dealers—the consumer, so far as we are concerned, wants to buy.

Elimination that Doesn't Eliminate

WHEN the farmer, working along any one of the plans that is to "eliminate" the "middleman," sets up a wholesale marketing organization, he has "eliminated" nothing and nobody.

What he has done is merely to buy or create another wholesale concern, consisting of himself and some hundreds or thousands of other farmers as partners, geared to do exactly what any first-class wholesale firm of like kind does. No more and no less. The field of such a concern is limited. It takes on where the local group or concern leaves off; it leaves off where the buyer takes up the burden. In the main its work is to stand next to the market, study that market, sort, grade, condition its salable product, direct its flow, ease the market burden where it can, get the best price possible. This is the work of any private wholesaler; this also is the work of the co-operative wholesaler.

Again let us compare. The private live-stock commission firm acts as a salesman at the terminal market. It receives, unloads, feeds, waters, sorts, grades, weighs or watches the weighing, dickers, haggles, and sells. Then it renders its account back to the shipper.

Every item of this service is duplicated by the wholesale "co-op." And if the service rendered is equal, then the partners in the co-operative business stand to profit in the same sum total that the owners of the private firm profit, but in a somewhat different way, and for another reason that fits in right at this point.

Let's assume that you, the reader, and I, the writer, and a few more of our "bunch" set up a wholesale business.

It's a perfectly fair thing to do. Each of us puts in $5,000. We incorporate for thirty years. We rent offices, organize our forces, set the wheels to turning. After a few months I get tired and want to quit.

So I go to the cashier's window, present my stock shares, and demand: "Gimme m' money!" Just like that.

The cashier looks at me coldly and remarks, icily and distinctly: "Mr. Ura Quitter, when the Board of Directors of this corporation get good and ready to buy your stock they will do so, and not until then. You can sell to some one else if you want to do so, and if the directors approve. But you put $5,000 in this corporation for thirty years, and unless you make provision to leave a like amount in the assets of the firm when you go, *then you can't get out at all until the thirty years are up!* Please excuse me now, for I'm busy."

That's what membership in a corporation means. It means sticking to the ship through thick and thin. It means that we have put our combined capital at work and that my capital can't sneak out and leave your capital alone on the job. So long as this partnership agreement stands there is a chance that we may go broke, but not through violation of our contract to stand by one another with our capital. Exactly the same logic applies to the "co-op" and the much-discussed "contract."

Private business is based largely, though not wholly, on capital. Good will and experience are vital factors. Location, volume—many other matters are important; but capital, and the power to hold capital to the job at all times and in all seasons, is the keystone of the structure. In the "co-op" marketing agency the keystone is volume of produce, which is the output of farm capital. That is supplied to the "co-op" as the produce moves forward, but if the output does not come forward disaster follows. Just as disaster would follow the private concern that locked its capital up and refused to invest it in the business for which it was created.

The Stockholder's Obligation

SO, if it is fair to demand of the stockholder in a corporation the use of his money for the term of the investment, it is equally fair to demand of the "co-op" member the use of his crop for sales purposes during the lifetime of his membership. In the one case the stockholders' agreement is a bargain to use and to give for use a certain amount of money for a certain length of time, with no sneak-out, and in the sales contract there is exactly the same sort of bargain, and there should be no sneak-out in it either.

And the net profit must, of course, be in fair proportion to the amount of business each member contributes to the association.

The promoter talk about "new methods of marketing" is a bit overdrawn. The "co-op" sales agency has made no new routes from producer to consumer. What it has done is to take over the methods and practices of private business men, adapt them to its own particular situation, and go ahead.

Private business, for example, never has found a way to control the market. Every so often somebody tells you that he has the "corner" idea worked out, and proceeds to demonstrate. Then his friends mournfully gather up the fragments that are left and inter them along with the bones of the dodo. And the "co-op" that starts out to control prices through control of supply is bound to the same end—disaster—for the same reason; it's a perfect system, this "corner" idea, but it just doesn't work!

No Corners in Green Things

YOU can't "corner" the wheat crop, you can't "corner" the corn crop, nor oats, nor cotton, nor tobacco, nor sugar, nor apples, nor potatoes, nor butter, nor oranges, nor any other living growing green thing on God's footstool.

All you can do is to tie up the moment's supply and create an economic vacuum into which rushes with all possible speed the growers of this and other lands in the hope of profiting through the forced and temporary scarcity. Result: Increased acreage and yield, and the "controlled" market goes out of control. Surplus piles up. Prices fall. Another dream goes glimmering.

Private business can and does hold over necessary market supplies, but this is quite another thing from "cornering." Take eggs as an example: In the spring, when the egg harvest is on, the dealer stores up eggs, but the moment the demand outruns the supply that same dealer is selling eggs, gradually, so as to meet the seasonal demand.

In like manner all agricultural products are held for the time of need. That is legitimate "orderly marketing," and it is as far away from the idea of forcing up prices through "cornering" methods as one pole is from the other.

And this normal spreading out of the crop over the season of demand is the natural job of the co-operative wholesale organization, just as it is the natural job of the private wholesaler.

Another real service that the wholesale

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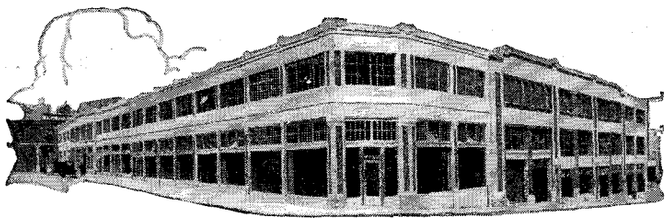
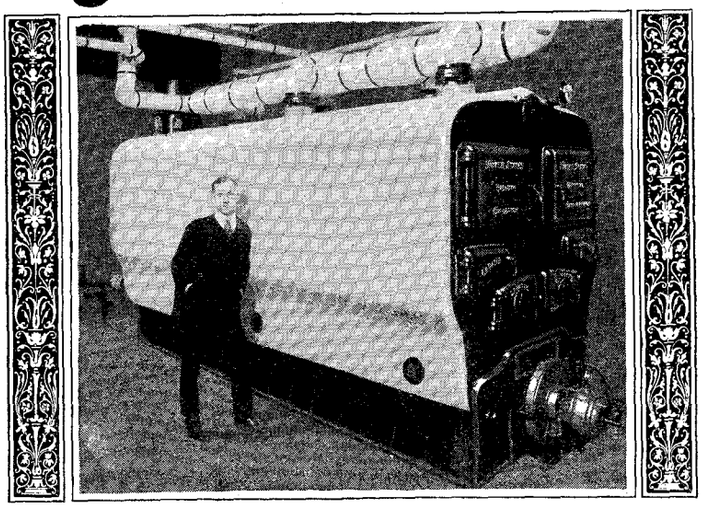


"Here is One of the Most Satisfactory Heating Plants in the Country"



These are the words of Mr. John W. Kelly of the Alaska Plumbing and Heating Company of Portland, Oregon. He refers specifically to the Capitol steam boiler installed by his organization in the Multnomah Block Automotive Building of Portland.

"When we put on the first test," says Mr. Kelly, "the farthest radiator from the boiler was warm in twenty-six minutes from the time the fire was started. This is remarkable performance for a low pressure heating plant carried on one boiler in a building of 228,000 square feet.

"The Austin Company, engineers and builders, believe it to be one of the best and largest single boiler installations of the kind ever made. This Capitol continues to do wonderful work with surprisingly small fuel consumption."

We shall be glad to send you an illustrated booklet which fully explains the modern idea in house heating.

UNITED STATES RADIATOR CORPORATION
General Offices, Detroit, Michigan

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marketing "co-op" can render is that of giving to each patron his returns according to the sales value of his patronage. Sorting, grading, reassembling, packing, labeling, branding to market taste and fancy, make money for the stockholder in the private wholesale concern. The same service, well done, makes money for each member of the "co-op" according to the sales value of his patronage.

When the volume of business of the "co-op" is controlled by contract with the grower, the "co-op" has what the private dealer never has had—perhaps never will have—a measure of control over the quality of the produce delivered for sale.

What the "co-op" can do, additional to the service rendered by the private dealer, is to lift up the average level of quality as delivered by the producer, and so to advance the average price received by the association and, in the end, by each one of its members.

In a word, co-operation has the same field of action, the same limits, the same chances of success and failure, as private business. Co-operation is merely another form of private business, and the only mystery about its place and purpose is that unusual powers and results have so long been attributed to anything carrying the name "co-operative." It can do and does all that privately owned and operated business can do and does. Its sales contract is as necessary as the corporation contract, and for the same reasons. It can cut out marketing wastes by control of the quality of the products marketed. It can, and usually does, raise the general average of prices paid to the grower through raising the general quality average of produce delivered.

That's co-operation of the sure-footed, businesslike sort that the farmer can well afford to tie to.

Three Thieves

By Bill Adams

WILLIAM JAMES MacGILLIVRAY walked down the highway that runs for mile on mile beside the railroad track. Upon his back, secured by a strap, was a blanket roll. He was what is known as a "blanket stiff," a "hobo," or a "bum." The highway and the track were populous with such as he. It was the fall of the year. Haying was long ago over. The grape, the melon, the sweet potato, and the prune harvests were done.

There were old men with white hair, and men of middle age, prematurely gray. There were young men and there were boys. Some, and these walked mostly in twos, were Industrial Workers of the World. These, seeking recruits from the boys, found some tractable and were roundly damned by others.

As was the case with W. J. MacG., practically all were white American.

There were those who had left a woman and a child in a shanty somewhere, while seeking work for the approaching winter. W. J. MacG. was one of these. Because he had lately been ailing, he walked with weary feet. The previous day he had not eaten. He had not eaten to-day. Shivers ran through his frame.

An overland train clanged by, and as its din died in the southward he crossed beneath its trail of oil smoke and made toward a ranch house on the other side of the track.

At thought that he would be scarce able to work did he find work, he bit his lip. When at his rap a farmer came to the door and gazed down on him, he felt a sort of horror.

"Mister," he said, "could you spare me a cup of coffee?"

"What brought you to begging? Drink, hey?" asked the farmer.

"Keep your coffee, mister," said W. J. MacG., and went upon his way.

Ranch houses were growing few and far between. He was passing through a stretch of arid country. He walked with steadier feet till close to another house. "I've got to eat before I can work," he thought.

A farmer, coming from behind olive trees that bordered the driveway, met him. Ere he could speak the farmer spoke.

"I only hire Japs," said the farmer.

At the next house a woman came to the door. Because light loads grow heavy with long carrying, he laid his blankets down.

"If you'll chop me some wood, I'll give you coffee," she said in reply to his question.

"Chopping wood's my middle name, lady. Where's the ax?" said W. J. MacG.

"Good luck to you, lady," he said when he handed the cup back. Then he went on his way. The sun was gone. Clear in the west the Coast Range hills rose dark. In the east the Sierras gleamed with pink and purple lights, snow on their highest peaks. Soon he came to the jungles.

When, riding down the great valley, you see a little fire with raggedy men beside it, there is the jungles. Where "stiffs" foregather is the jungles.

The jungles was deserted. A few old cans lay scattered by dead ashes. A bent iron tire and a few spokes from an old buggy wheel lay by the cans. A cattle trough with water in it, a windmill motionless above, stood in a pasture near by. The last wisp of alfilaria, the last burr clover seed, long since picked by grazing beasts, the bare earth shone with a pallid glow. Down the track a way stood a ranch house; peach trees, yellow and crimson leaved, beside and behind it; roofs of house and of barn distinct against the dimming sky. W. J. MacG. had been warned of the place.

"They keeps a savage dog, an' sets him on ye."

He unfastened the strap of his blanket roll. His eyes were swimmy. He was conscious of a oneness with the light above the barren pastures. It seemed to him that he was become transparent, volatile, yet unable to escape from the shadows that darkened above and about him. He saw a double surrey come from amid the peach trees and drive off toward the distant town. He heard a dog bark.

When the surrey was become a blur far away, he sighed deeply and laid his blanket roll at the foot of a fence post. A Billy owl flew from the top of the post with quick ghostly motion and no sound. At the moment that he entered the driveway to the house a large tawny dog rushed, roaring, from behind the house. He strode on, as though he had met the surrey on the highway and had bought the place from its owner. The dog stopped before him, and, its eyes on his face, growled low.

"Reuben Ranzo," he said, "how do you get that way?"

The dog, the hair on its back erect, walked beside him to the back step.

"Reuben," he said, "it's great to be a dog."

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Man and dog sat, their heads close together, the man's head bowed. When the dog licked the man's cheek, the man buried his face in the curly hair of the animal's neck.

"Reuben Ranzo," he said, "what kind of gumps does your boss keep?"

Reuben whined and wagged his tawny tail.

W. J. MacG. arose and went to the chicken-house. While Reuben Ranzo looked on with cocked ears, he picked a bright little broiler; then, coming out of the chicken-house, bade the dog the silent farewell of comradeship and returned to the jungles. Remembering that a short way up the track he had seen a cultivated field with a few cassavas left upon the withered vines, he fancied dessert with his supper, and, having hidden the gump in his roll at the foot of the fence post went to fetch a cassava. In late dusk, under a sky yet faintly luminous, he went to the melon field. Under bright stars he came back. A big man and a little man sat at the fireside, cooking a meal. Flames licked the sides of an old can. A wisp of smoke rose straight in the still air. Close by the steel rails glinted. W. J. MacG. went to fetch his gump. It was gone. He strode to the fireside.

"You've stolen my gump!" he said.

Without turning their heads, the two laughed sneeringly. When he stooped to lift the can from the fire, they leaped to their feet.

"Git!" they snarled.

He was not afraid of the big man. He knew what all wise big men know: that it is the little men who must be watched. The big man bent to pick up a buggy-wheel spoke. Ere he could come at W. J. MacG. the fist of W. J. MacG. found the point of his jaw. He rose again, slowly, dull eyes on W. J. MacG.

"Get!" said W. J. MacG. "The gump's mine."

The big and the little man lifted their blanket rolls and went upon their way. He sat by the fire and watched their figures merge into the gloom.

"Two low-down thieves," murmured W. J. MacG.

Firelight glowed on his face. As though uncertain that this were really he, he rubbed the fingers of one hand along those of the other. His eyes bright in the firelight, he sat motionless a while. Presently he turned his face to the sky, in which a myriad stars twinkled. Silence was all about. The stars seemed to watch him.

"Three ——?" whispered W. J. MacG.

I've never felt *quite* right about that chicken.

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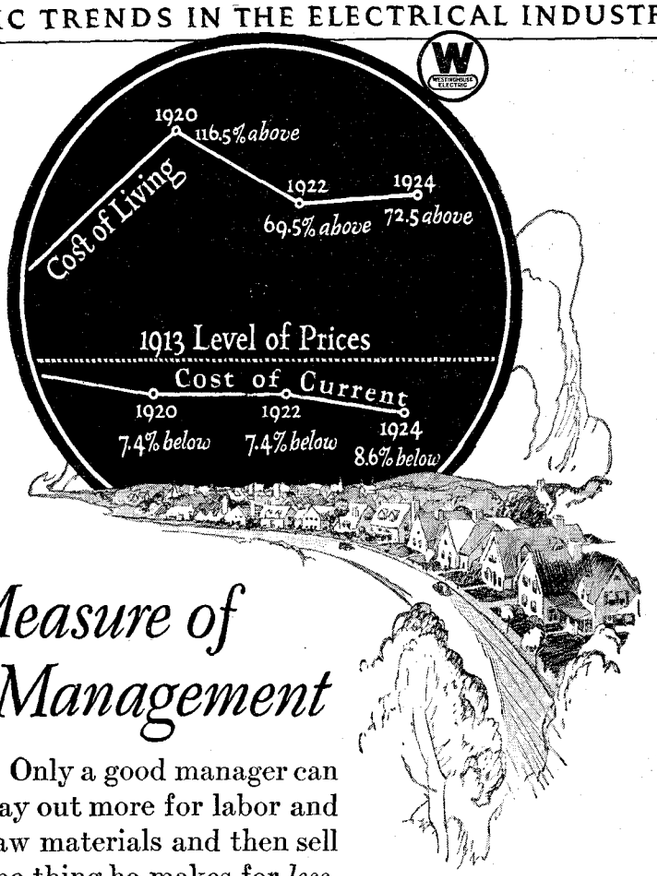

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Stories Well Worth Reading

By R. D. TOWNSEND

BEFORE the now swiftly approaching high tide of the autumn's fiction sweeps the novel reader along with it he should give a lingering look toward some summer novels that are not of the hammock-in-the-shade class but are well worth reading by any one any time.

Pre-eminently so is the collection of Mr. Galsworthy's short-story output for twenty years, roped two by two in a "Caravan,"[1] with a few not thus paired. Usually an older story is bracketed with a later story because of subject or treatment. The reader may thus compare the author's art in the earlier and later periods, and will agree that there is surprisingly little difference in ripeness of feeling or social purview, although there may be in manner and technique. "Quality," for instance, written in 1911, is really perfect as a brief sketch of an old bootmaker who lived and died to make his boots the best possible.

The average quality of these fifty-six stories is high. The reader who has been wont to think of Galsworthy as pre-eminently a fiction painter of large canvases will be surprised at the appeal both of the "long-shorts" (a few are perhaps 20,000 words) and of the short bits of character work each with its own point or mood. "The Stoic" (from which was made the play "Old English," in which Mr. Arliss lately appeared), "The Apple Tree," "A Man of Devon," and "The Salvation of a Forsyte" are as satisfying as any part of "The Forsyte Saga." This volume will find place on many a shelf beside the "Saga," and will invite from time to time a repaying half-hour's reading.

The conquest of land, its lure and tragedy, are the theme of Mr. Muilenburg's "Prairie"[2] and Mr. Grant-Watson's "The Contracting Circle."[3] Both have been compared to Knut Hamsun's "The Growth of the Soil," but the likeness, if any, is superficial, for neither has any of the joyousness or epic imagination of that great work. The "Prairie," indeed, is so austere as to be as painful in degree as it is real. The fight of the young pioneer couple against nature and misfortune is not a victory of endurance and faith but the sacrifice of the life and reason of a wife quite unsuited to the primitive life—timorous, lonely, crushed under the task—while her dogged, obstinate, one-ideaed husband ends by driving his own son away, just as he was driven from home by his father, whose exact counterpart he comes to be. In "The Contracting Circle," a tale of the Australian bush, one finds more imagination, but here also the prevailing note is tragic, and again a lonely woman, cut off from social companionship and overwhelmed by the vast somberness of her husband's station in the barren north, breaks down morally under the strain while the man becomes obsessed by the strange lure and mastery of the bush. Both of these stories have compelling power; neither is cheerful; Mr. Grant-Watson's tale goes far deeper into character and its art is broader and finer, while its outcome, although infinitely pathetic, is not so desperately gloomy as that of "Prairie."

Another sort of a fight against odds, one in which an amazingly persistent and clever little Jewish girl carries on her combat with poverty and ignorance to a splendid triumph, is told in "Breadgivers"[4] by the author of "Salome of the Tenements." Sara simply radiates energy, and she fights for education and liberty with zest and sharpness. There is no tragedy here, but plenty of realism and not a little incidental humor. The book reminds me of the stories Myra Kelly used to write, but has more color and action.

"Like calls unto like" is the philosophy of "The Proud Old Name,"[5] but the fun, the action, and the characters are what make it a capital story packed into short space. The author makes every sentence tell, yet he artfully gives the impression of writing leisurely and humorously.

Down in old Mexico an American boy and a Spanish-Mexican grandee have the same "proud old name;" the one is Jimmie Brown, just grandson of old man Brown, the other Don Santiago Moreno. Jimmie has a romantic love for the Don's languishing daughter, Elena, but when Gene, an American girl of his own sort, comes along, he realizes that like should seek like. So does Elena, and, after exciting episodes, her lordly papa takes her to Spain and Jimmie is saved with honor. Jimmie's dryly humorous old partner sums up his views of matrimony *in re* the case of Jimmie, Elena, and Gene:

> And the biggest thing is something I bet you will think is a little thing. They like the same kind of jokes. They will not get lonesome, because they are good friends with each other. Jimmy, he will not have to be telling her she is more beautiful than the stars in the heavens, and she will not have to be telling him he is the bravest, handsomest man in the world. Not so, Bolivia! He will just say to her, "You are the barber-shop kid," and she will say to him, "That is the boy!" And when they have troubles they can josh each other out of them. Yes, and their kids will be husky young gringos and have blue eyes and more freckles than a guinea egg, and they will call me grandpa or I will tan their bright young hides for them. It is as good a name as any man could want.

"The Monkey Puzzle"[6] is the most carefully thought out and humanly interesting novel Mr. Beresford has given us for a long time. As with the monkey tree, some problems are all but impossible to penetrate. Brenda's puzzle is this: Is a woman "free" to follow an unselfish impulse, against convention, against the peace and comfort of her loving and beloved husband, and against the certainty that the scandal-loving community will forever believe her to be what she is not? Brenda knows (that is, she feels) that she must rescue and reform a genius of a painter (and he *is* a genius) who has worn himself out with drugs and debauchery. Is it "Victorian" to believe that sometimes it is foolish not to conform to ordinary standards? Brenda finally concludes that it is not cowardly to remember that others' rights and others' opinions may occasionally be

[1] Caravan. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

[2] Prairie. By Walter J. Muilenburg. The Viking Press, New York. $2.50.

[3] The Contracting Circle. By E. L. Grant-Watson. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.50.

[4] Breadgivers. By Anna Yezierska. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $2.

[5] The Proud Old Name. By C. E. Scoggins. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $1.

[6] The Monkey Puzzle. By J. D. Beresford. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.50.

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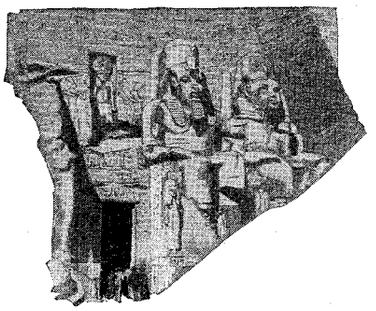

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Biography

MEMORIES OF FORTY-EIGHT YEARS' SERVICE. By General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $8.

This is a charming autobiography and an important military document, covering in detail the military career of Sir Horace from 1877, when he entered Sandhurst, until 1923, when he relinquished the Governorship of Gibraltar and retired from active service. Few living soldiers have seen so much active duty, none has comported himself more gallantly, few as efficiently.

Sir Horace was first "blooded" in the Zulu War of 1879. He was present at the awful affair of Isandhlwana and escaped by the skin of his teeth.

The young soldier's next striking experience was in Egypt, what time England was dealing with the mess kicked up by Arabi Pasha. His initiative, energy, and daring greatly commended him to the notice of his superiors, and from that time he was a made man.

Next India; Egypt again—more fighting; back to India—the wild Tirah campaign; Egypt once more, with Kitchener—Omdurman, Fashoda (important new light on the Fashoda episode by an important participant); in 1899 the Boer War, wherein Sir Horace very greatly distinguished himself, rising to the grade of major-general, and whereof his account is very detailed.

Sir Horace was a keen student of the art of war, and his services as commander of Aldershot, 1907–11, were of the first value. He commanded the Second Corps of the British Expeditionary Force in 1914—*i. e.*, half of the "Old Contemptibles." He deserves a very high place on the roll of great captains by reason of his handling of that corps and in particular for his conduct at Le Cateau—day to be marked with the whitest of white stones in British military annals.

When in the month of January, 1915, the enlarged B. E. F. was reformed into two armies, Sir Horace (a full general) received the command of one. At his own request, he was relieved of that command four months later. The business is obscure. Was it merely that Sir Horace and Sir John French did not jibe? Or did it turn out that Sir Horace, indubitably one of the greatest of corps commanders, lacked the qualifications requisite to the higher command? Sir Horace throws little light on the matter, but confidently refers his vindication to the coming official history of that period. Whatever the official history may say, one may be sure Sir Horace did

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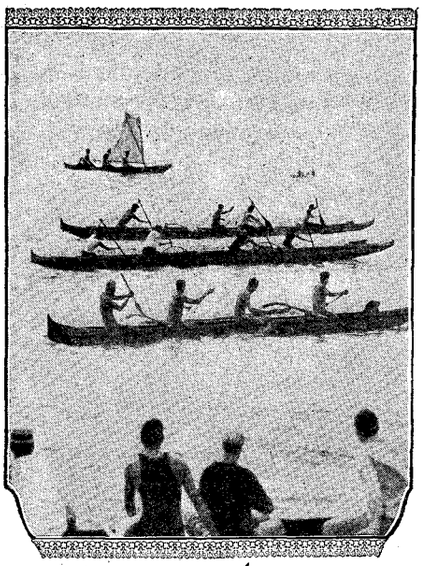

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History, Political Economy, and Politics

THE HEART OF ÂRYÂVARTA. By the Earl of Ronaldshay. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

The development of Hindu nationalism within the past twenty years is one of the most interesting of modern phenomena; only more remarkable than the rapidity and extent of the Anglicization of the upper and upper-middle classes of India during the previous seventy years. The cultural result of the latter process was a curiously unpleasant hybrid. A strong reaction was much to be desired, but the violence of the reaction we are witnessing is lamentable and stupid.

"Back to the Vedas!" is now all the cry; which is well enough. "Away with the British *Raj,* and a clean sweep of everything Western," is also the cry of the extremists, who include, apparently, the vast majority of Hindus who have received a Western-type education, at least of sorts; *i. e.,* to use a dreadful, a *samphire* word, the Hindu *intelligentsia.* To be sure, the Hindu *inteligentsia,* by a generous computation, constitute not more than eight per cent of the Hindus; but the nationalist movement refers itself almost exclusively to them.

This book is an acute study of the fundamental causes of the mental and spiritual revolt of said *intelligentsia* against British domination, political and cultural; involving a remarkable analysis of the Hindu mentality, doubtless the most curious mentality to be found among the sons of men. The treatment is sympathetic, but it is clearly deducible from the evidence spread out that the British *Raj* has, on the whole, justified itself and that the ninety-two per cent of Hindu illiterates may well pray for its continuance. The Hindu *intelligentsia* are long on metaphysics but short on political sense. The most striking features of their "mentality" are its unexampled "tolerance" of inconstancy and its fantastic penchant for sophistry. Remember that, sweet lady, when next thou sittest at the feet of some dear, delightful *swami.*

NATIONAL ISOLATION AN ILLUSION. By Perry Belmont. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.50.

In writing this book Mr. Belmont proposed to himself two main objects: the one, to prove that the United States has never been isolated, that its relations with Europe are bound to increase in intimacy, and that one should take order accordingly; the other, to vindicate the Democratic Party. As the two theses have no obvious connection, Mr. Belmont would have been better advised to write a book on each. He would have been still better advised to write no book at all. This book lacks consecutiveness, charm, almost every quality that justifies the making of a book; to conclude briefly, it is destined to quick oblivion.

THE DAWES PLAN IN THE MAKING. By Rufus C. Dawes. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $6.

Mr. Rufus Dawes was chief of the staff of eight economic experts who accompanied General Dawes and Mr. Young to Paris, and he kept a diary recording the evolution of the Dawes Plan. This book is that diary somewhat supplemented. It is well-nigh indispensable to one who should seek a thorough understanding of the Dawes Plan. But though an exceedingly useful book, it is not a jolly book, not a holiday book. The Dawes Plan is printed as an appendix.

Essays and Criticism

EDITH WHARTON. By Robert Morss Lovett. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. $1.

The second of a series of monographs on modern American writers. Mr. Lovett briefly sketches the social background of his subject and proceeds to a critical study of her work. The often acknowledged debt to Henry James receives due comment. (Henrietta James, the English call her with facile wit.) Many critics have made favorable comparisons with Jane Austen, but this biographer holds her inferior. "They" (Miss Austen's characters) "are part of an institution, stable, self-perpetuating, permanent. They are in true relation to their environment, and racy of the soil. By contrast Mrs. Wharton's society is transitory, imitative, sterile." One might grant the inferiority, yet take issue with the opinion of its causes. A useful bibliography which includes the isolated short stories is appended.

THE CREATIVE SPIRIT; AN INQUIRY INTO AMERICAN LIFE. By Rollo Walter Brown. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.50.

The young *révoltés* have accustomed us to hearing the statement that America is no place for a creative artist; that if his impulses are not stifled by the leveling influences of his democratic environment and his standardized education, he will be thwarted by a skeptical or indifferent public. Few of them, however, have kept their tone of discussion as urbane and impartial as Dr. Brown, even when he is dealing with such ticklish subjects as science and the Church. His tone approaches bitterness only when he takes up concrete examples, such as the struggles of the MacDowell Colony in New Hampshire to make ends meet. His chapter on the complicated machinery of American university life has the unmistakable note of authority. As a contri-

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bution to the American language it is interesting to learn that young assistants in college courses enrolling many students are variously known as "cubs," "theme demons," "dishwashers," and "section hands." It is a thoughtful and constructive book.

Miscellaneous

ADVENTURES OF A SCHOLAR TRAMP. By Glen H. Mullin. The Century Company, New York. $2.

This is a delightful book, worth everybody's reading. The author, according to the jacket blurb, is a teacher in a university, and thus presumably a treader of conventional ways. But once in the long ago, when doubtless he was not a university teacher, he heard the Call of the Road and made prompt and affirmative response. For several months he rambled about the land, beating his way on trains, begging food and garments, and incidentally acquiring grime and vermin. Also he sometimes got clubbed or "pinched" or both. He had some terrifying experiences as well as many happy ones.

His first comrade was one "Frisco," and a better mentor for the hard training of the life of trampdom no greenhorn could want. Frisco knew the road and all its turnings, and his counsels saved the apprentice many difficulties. It is not often that so convincing a character is found on the printed page. He is a flesh-and-blood reality, and fiction could not have produced him. There are other outstanding characters—Whaleoil Pete, Pennsylvania Shorty, Runt McTurk, to name a few—and they all have adventures worth the telling. Here is a story without romance, sentimentality, or plot, a social study without statistics, argument, or recommendations. For the most part it is sheer narrative, engagingly and sometimes joyously told; and what isn't narrative is vivid description.

COPY—1925. Stories, Plays, Poems, Essays from the Published Work of Students in the Special Courses in Writing, University Extension, Columbia University. Introduction by Donald Lemen Clark. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

A dozen short stories, two one-act plays, some fugitive verse, and a few short articles and essays form the bulk of this heterogeneous collection. All have seen previous publication in newspapers and magazines, their selection having been the work of a committee of the Writers' Club of Columbia University. The reader will almost certainly find something to his taste in the wide scope afforded by this volume. Maturity of treatment characterizing much of the material is due to the fact that the authors are, in the main, men and women long past college days. This book will

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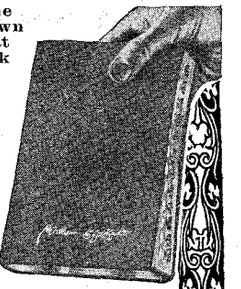

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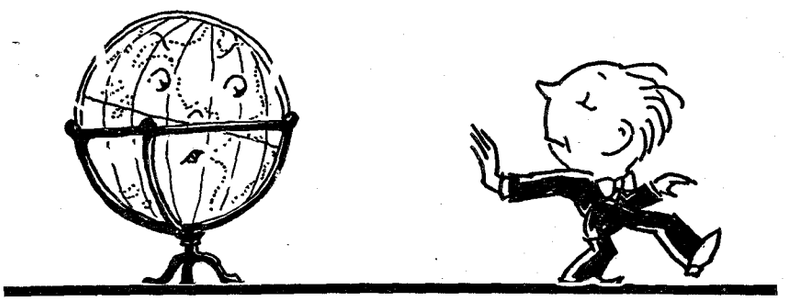

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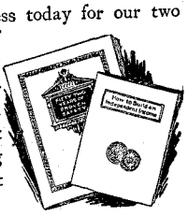

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An illustrated history of the development of ships; of sailing vessels and steamships; of war-ships; of the science of navigation; of lighthouses, lightships, and buoys; and of ship construction. A popular book about almost everything connected with navigation, ending with a glossary of nautical phrases.

THE LONDON TIMES UNDER THE MANAGERSHIP OF MOBERLY BELL: By F. Harcourt Kitchin. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.50.

This is the story of the eighteen years' effort (1890–1908) of Moberly Bell to keep the London "Times" afloat without yielding one jot in respect of its traditional policies to the changing tastes of the times and the deadly competition of Fleet Street; an effort not without a sort of epic quality, which ended in the sale of the "Times" to Lord Northcliffe. Mr. Kitchin was associated with the "Times" in one capacity or another from 1895 to 1909, and his relations with Mr. Bell were intimate. Bell was a very striking personality, and Mr. Kitchin has given us a real "feel" of him, while recounting with liveliness and humor a highly interesting journalistic episode.

Notes on New Books

ACROSS THE MOON. By Harriet MacLeod. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

The dismal plight of one who so loves beauty that suffering and horror drive her crazy.

FAME. By Micheline Keating. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

The first novel of an author who is eighteen years old. But shouldn't younger authors be given a chance?

LEAVES FROM MY LIFE. By Annie Kilburn Kilmer. The Frye Publishing Company, New York.

Autobiographical notes by the mother of Joyce Kilmer.

MYSELF NOT LEAST. By X. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $3.50.

Personal recollections of England and Europe. First published in 1923.

RED ASHES. By Margaret Pedler. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

A readable novel of modern English life.

SOCIAL ASPECTS OF MENTAL HYGIENE. The Yale University Press, New Haven. $1.60.

Addresses by a number of educators upon the subject of human behavior.

THE HAPPY FAILURE. By Solita Solano. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $2.

A hero who first fails in business and in love and escapes his failures by finding a girl he can love and a life he can lead.

THIS OLD MAN. By Gertrude Bone. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

A brief story about rural life in England.

THE TALE OF GENJI. By Lady Murasaki. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $3.

The translator of this Japanese novel, Arthur Waley, says that this is by far the greatest novel of the East.

CARIBA. By Mulla Hanaranda. The American Library Service, New York. $3.

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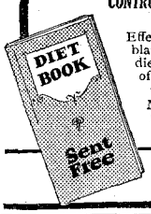

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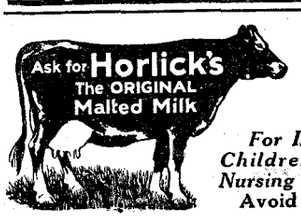

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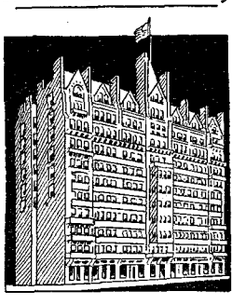

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MOTHER'S helper—Settled motherly woman who understands and loves children to assist in care of two children, 5 year old girl and baby six months. Unusually happy permanent position with every consideration for right person. Must have good health, cheerful, adaptable disposition, and one who is fond of country life. References required. 6,354, Outlook.

NURSERY governess, well educated, to care for two children two and a half and five years. Live three and a half miles from town. Experience not absolutely necessary. $100 a month. Box 698, Warrenton, Va.

SEAMSTRESS and mother's helper, active and experienced, not a servant, for boy 12 and girl 8, at Summit, N. J.; good wages. Room 163, 40 Wall St., N. Y. Tel. John 4708.

WANTED—Capable mother's helper or nurse to care for two little boys aged two and three years and to help in household. Must be refined, patient, reliable, strong, with love for children. State salary expected. Answer X., 3515 Lowell St., Washington, D. C.

WANTED—Competent houseworker for two ladies. New Jersey. Comfortable home. Moderate salary. References. Please give particulars. 6,343, Outlook.

WANTED—Matron for boys' school. Write H. J. Benchoff, Massanutten Academy, Woodstock, Va.

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EXPERIENCED managing housekeeper; educated, refined. 6,344, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED teacher wishes class of little children in or near Washington, D. C.; or position in primary or intermediate grades in private school. Normal school and Montessori training. 6,346, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED woman, dietitian and manager, desires position in school or college. 6,307, Outlook.

GOVERNESS, well educated, experienced in care of children. 6,323, Outlook.

KINDERGARTNER (graduate) wishes position as governess for small children or companion. Will travel. References exchanged. 6,333, Outlook.

MANAGING housekeeper and dietitian, experienced in institutional work, wishes position in New York. 6,357, Outlook.

MAN of refinement and education desires position as companion or secretary to gentleman going South for the winter. 6,350, Outlook.

MATRON wishes position, institution or housekeeper, hotel or inn. Experienced. 6,318, Outlook.

REFINED, educated matron school girls' club. References. 6,345, Outlook.

REFINED, experienced nursery governess. American. 6,347, Outlook.

SECRETARIAL position, resident or non-resident, wanted with a person or organization engaged in work with children. Can furnish excellent references. 6,356, Outlook.

TEACHER, English woman, college graduate, 10 years' reference in America. English, French, mathematics, drawing, needlework. 6,349, Outlook.

YOUNG man, physician, wants position as traveling companion. 6,329, Outlook.

YOUNG woman of refinement and education desires outdoor position with hotel or private family. Proficient in sports and as chauffeur. Would do some secretarial work. Highest references. 6,352, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

EXPERIENCED tutor, traveled, hospital training, will receive young children in mid-Southern home. Instruction in grade subjects, piano, French. Outdoor games. Competent, tactful assistants. New England management. Address 6,330, Outlook.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

A retired teacher, with attractive home in the foothills of Adirondacks, will take in her own family a defective child to nurture and love. Best references. 6,327, Outlook.

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

By the Way

WE cut this poem from the "Conning Tower" of the New York "World." It is all historically correct, even to the swanskin cloak, and to the fact that the boy did live to be an old man and always related how he gave a drink to the famous English spy on his last ride. Many people may not remember that Major André tried to get to Tarrytown but got hanged instead:

ANDRÉ PASSES

Along the sunlit Nepperhan,
That clear September day,
A rider drew his bridle-rein
And paused beside the way.
Two children at a farmhouse door
He hailed—they quickly ran
To give him water from the well
Along the Nepperhan.

They brought him water from the well—
Small David held the rein
And wondered why that cavalier
Rode down that country lane;
Shy Sally watched the stranger drink
Before the farmhouse door,
And wondered why so close he wrapped
The swanskin cloak he wore.

He drank, and from the saddle leaned
To hand a sixpence down
To Sally; then of David asked,
"How far to Tarrytown—
To Tarrytown how long the road?"
"Four miles," the lad replied.
"I did not think," the stranger said,
"It was so long a ride."

Ah, rider in the swanskin cloak,
If short or long the way,
You shall not come to Tarrytown
This fair September day.
But all their days these two shall tell
About the stranger-man
Who asked for water from the well
Beside the Nepperhan.

G. S. B.

From the Boston "Transcript:"

Judge—"So you claim you robbed the restaurant because you were starving. Why didn't you take something to eat instead of looting the cash register?"

Prisoner—"I'm a proud man, yer honor, an' I makes it a rule to pay for what I eat."

"Sculpture is very easy, isn't it?" asked a sweet young lady at an exhibition of statuary.

"Very, very easy," said the sculptor, "and very, very simple. You just take a block of marble and a chisel, and knock off all the marble you don't want."

The Government, it appears, is about to exclude the imported narcissus bulb. The narcissus, in its naughty European fashion, is apt to corrupt our pure, native onion, and finally to exterminate it. Well, this seems a wise precaution—until the folk in the next apartment to ours begin to fry onions for dinner. Then we feel like crying to the European narcissus: Go to it, old scout!

From the "American Legion:"

The hero dragged the drowning girl to shore and, leaving her in willing hands, leaped back into the surging water.

"What!" cried some one on the shore. "Is there another one out there?"

"No," shouted the hero. "But I can't afford to marry."

The New York "Sun" reports a concern in England which breaks all records for length of time in business, having operated continuously for 817 years. It is the firm of Messrs. R. W. Farman, basket makers, which was founded in 1108, and has been handed down since then from father to son.

From "The Writer:"

Advertisers may like the make-up of the periodicals that make a practice of jumping the readers of their stories and articles over into the advertising pages, but imagine the feelings of an author, finding that his story reads:

Slowly, silently, she yielded to his fond embrace. The great red moon smiled down in approval. As he clasped her in his arms and pressed a kiss on her upturned lips, she softly murmured—

"Promise me, dearest, that this shall surely be

(Continued on page 153)

From the "Square Deal:"

The phone rang in the office of the Ku Klux Klan. One of the various Kleagles answered.

"This is Finklestein talking," said the voice.

"You can't joint the Klan," replied the Kleagle.

"I don't vant to!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"But how are you fixed for vite goods?"

Another riddle:

Twice 9 are 8 of us
And 8 are five,
And five are four of us
As sure as you're alive.
And if you wish for more of us,
Why you can plainly see
That 3 are 5 of us,
And 6 are 3.

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